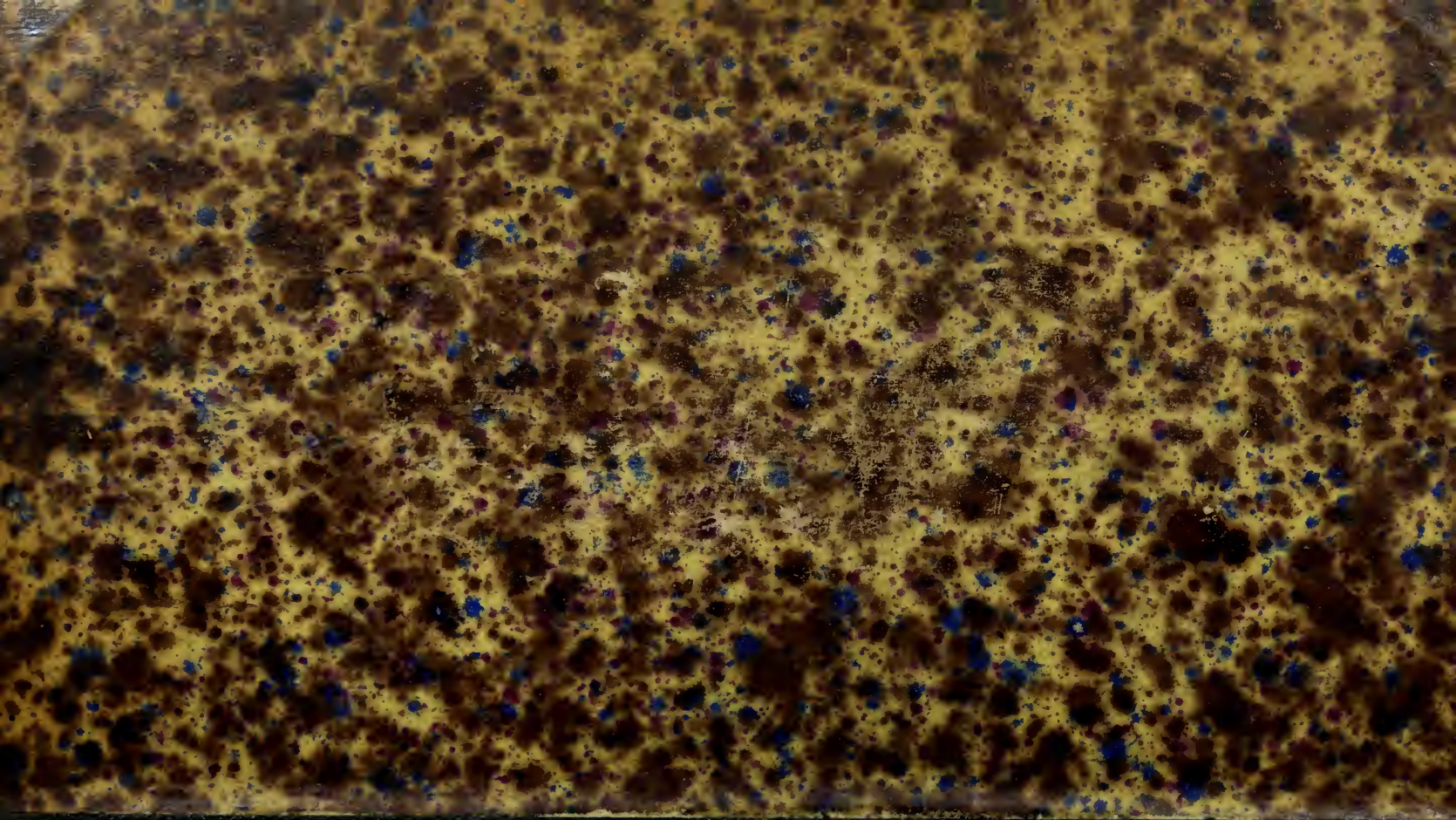

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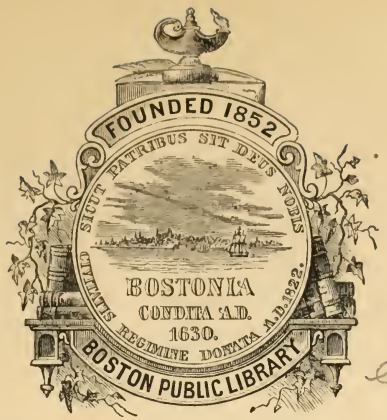

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PAMPHLETS.

Beaumont
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Memoranda

THE

WOMAN

HATER.

Written by

Mr. *FRANCIS BEAUMONT*,

AND

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER*.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. T.* And Sold by *J. Brown* at the *Black Swan* without *Temple-Bar*. 1718.

PROLOGUE.

Gentlemen, Inductions are out of Date, and a Prologue in Verse, is as stale as a black Velvet Cloak, and a Bay Garland; therefore you shall have it plain Prose, thus: If there be any amongst you that come to hear lascivious Scenes, let them depart; for I do pronounce this, to the utter Discomfort of all two-penny Gallery-Men, you shall have no Bawdery in it: Or if there be any lurking amongst you in Corners, with Table-books, who have some hope to find fit matter to feed his—Malice on, let them clasp them up, and slink away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this Play means to please Auditors so, as he may be an Auditor himself hereafter, and not purchase them with the dearness of his Cares: I dare not call it Comedy *or* Tragedy; *'tis perfectly neither: A Play it is, which was meant to make you laugh; how it would please you, is not written in my Part: for tho' you should like it to Day, perhaps your selves know not how you should digest it to Morrow: Some things in it you may meet with, which are out of the common Road: A Duke there is, and the Scene lyes in* Italy, *as those two things lightly we never miss. But you shall not find in it the ordinary and over-worn Trade of jesting at Lords, and Courtiers, and Citizens, without taxation of any particular or new Vice by them found out, but at the Persons of them: Such, he, that made this, thinks vile, and for his own part vows, That he did never think, but that a Lord, Lord born, might be a wise Man, and a Courtier an honest Man.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

DUKE *of* Milan.
Valore, *a Count, and Brother to* Oriana.
Gondarino, *a General, the Woman-Hater.*
Arrigo, } *two Courtiers.*
Lucio, }
Lazarillo, *a hungry Courtier.*

WOMEN.

Oriana, Valore's *Sister.*
Julia, } *two Whores.*
Franciſſina, }
Boy.
Intelligencers.
Servants.
Ladies.
Mercer.
Pander.

THE

THE WOMAN-HATER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Duke of Milan, Arrigo, Lucio, *and two Courtiers.*

Duke. 'TIS now the ſweeteſt time for Sleep, the Night is ſcarce ſpent; *Arrigo*, what's a Clock?

Arri. Paſt four.

Duke. Is it ſo much, and yet the Morn not up?
See yonder where the ſhame-fac'd Maiden comes
Into our ſight, how gently doth ſhe ſlide,
Hiding her chaſte Cheeks, like a modeſt Bride,
With a red Veil of Bluſhes; as if ſhe,
Even ſuch all modeſt virtuous Women be.
Why thinks your Lordſhip I am up ſo ſoon?

Luc. About ſome weighty State Plot.

Duke. And what thinks your Knighthood of it?

Arri. I do think to cure ſome ſtrange Corruptions in the Common-wealth.

Duke. Y'are well conceited of your ſelves, to think
I chuſe you out to bear me Company
In ſuch Affairs and Buſineſs of State:
For am not I a Pattern for all Princes,
That break my ſoft Sleep for my Subjects good?
Am not I careful? very provident?

Luc. Your Grace is careful. *Arri.* Very provident.

Duke. Nay, knew you how my ſerious working Plots
Concern the whole Eſtates of all my Subjects,
Ay, and their Lives; then *Lucio*, thou would'ſt ſwear,
I were a loving Prince.

Luc.

Luc. I think your Grace intends to walk the publick Streets disguis'd, to see the Streets Disorders.

Duke. It is not so.

Arri. You secretly will cross some other States, that do conspire against you.

Duke. Weightier far;
You are my Friends, and you shall have the Cause;
I break my Sleeps thus soon to see a Wench.

Luc. Y'are wondrous careful for your Subjects good.

Arri. You are a very loving Prince indeed.

Duke. This Care I take for them, when their dull Eyes
Are clos'd with heavy Slumbers.

Arri. Then you rise to see your Wenches?

Luc. What *Milan* Beauty hath the Power, to charm
Her sovereign Eyes, and break his Sleeps?

Duke. Sister to Count *Valore*, she's a Maid
Would make a Prince forget his Throne, and stare,
And lowly kneel to her: The general Fate
Of all Mortality, is hers to give,
As she disposeth, so we die and live.

Luc. My Lord, the Day grows clear, the Court will rise.

Duke. We stay too long, is the *Umbranoes* Head, as we commanded, sent to the sad *Gondarino*, our General?

Arri. 'Tis sent.

Duke. But stay, where shines that Light?

Arri. 'Tis in the Chamber of *Lazarillo*.

Duke. Lazarillo? What is he?

Arri. A Courtier, my Lord, and one that I wonder your Grace knows not, for he hath follow'd your Court, and your last Predecessors, from Place to Place, any time this seven Years, as faithfully as your Spits and your Dripping-Pans have done, and almost as greasily.

Duke. Oh we know him; as we have heard, he keeps a Kalender of all the Dishes of Meat, that have been in the Court, ever since our Great Grandfather's time; and when he can thrust in at no Table, he makes his Meat of that.

Luc. The very same, my Lord.

Duke. A Courtier call'st thou him?
Believe me *Lucio*, there be many such
About our Court, respected, as they think,
Even by our self; with thee I will be plain;
We Princes do use to prefer many for nothing, and to take particular and free Knowledge, almost in the Nature of Acquaintance of many, whom we do use only for our Pleasures; and to give largely to Numbers, more out of Policy to be thought liberal, and by that means to make the People strive to deserve our Love, than

to

to reward any particular Desert of theirs, to whom we give; and do suffer our selves to hear Flatterers, more for Recreation than for love of it, though we seldom hate it;
And yet we know all these, and when we please,
Can touch the Wheel, and turn their Names about.

Luc. I wonder they that know their States so well, should fancy such base Slaves.

Duke. Thou wondrest *Lucio.*
Dost not thou think, if thou wert Duke of *Milan*,
Thou shouldst be flattered?

Luc. I know, my Lord, I would not.

Duke. Why so I thought 'till I was Duke, I thought I should have left no more Flatterers, than there are now Plain-dealers; and yet for all this my Resolution, I am most palpably flattered: The poor Man may loath Covetousness and Flattery, but Fortune will alter the Mind; when the Wind turns there may be well a little Conflict, but it will drive the Billows before it.
Arrigo it grows late, for see, fair *Thetis* hath undone the Bars
To *Phebus* Team; and his unrival'd Light;
Hath chas'd the Morning's modest Blush away;
Now must we to our Love, bright *Paphian* Queen;
Thou *Cytherean* Goddess, that delights
In stirring Glances, and art still thy self,
More toying than thy Team of Sparrows be,
Thou laughing *Errecina*, oh inspire
Her Heart with Love, or lessen my Desire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lazarillo *and his Boy.*

Laz. Go run, search, pry in every Nook and Angle of the Kitchins, Larders, and Pastries, know what Meat's boil'd, bak'd, rost, stew'd, fry'd, or sous'd, at this Dinner to be serv'd directly, or indirectly, to every several Table in the Court, be gone.

Boy. I run, but not so fast as your Mouth will do upon the stroke of Eleven. [*Exit Boy.*

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow upon Man, when he gave him a good Stomach? What unbounded Graces there are pour'd upon them that have the continual command of the very best of these Blessings? 'Tis an excellent thing to be a Prince; he is serv'd with such admirable Variety of Fare; such innumerable choice of Delicates; his Tables are full fraught with most nourishing Food, and his Cubbards heavy laden with rich Wines, his Court is still filled with most pleasant Variety: In the Summer, his Palace is full of Green-Geese; and in Winter it swarmeth with Woodcocks.

Oh

Oh thou Goddeſs of Plenty
Fill me this day with ſome rare Delicates,
And I will every Year moſt conſtantly,
As this Day, celebrate a ſumptuous Feaſt,
If thou wilt ſend me Victuals in thine Honour:
And to it ſhall be bidden for thy ſake,
Even all the valiant Stomachs in the Court,
All ſhort-cloak'd Knights, and all croſs-garter'd Gentlemen;
All Pump and Pantofle, foot-cloth Riders;
With all the ſwarming Generation
Of long Stocks, ſhort pain'd Hoſe, and huge ſtuff'd Doublets:
All theſe ſhall eat, and which is more than yet
Hath e'er been ſeen, they ſhall be ſatisfy'd.
I wonder my Ambaſſador returns not?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am, Maſter. *Laz.* And welcome:
Never did that ſweet Virgin in her Smock,
Fair-Cheek'd *Andromeda*, when to the Rock
Her Ivory Limbs were chain'd, and ſtraight before
A huge Sea-monſter, tumbling to the Shore,
To have devour'd her, with more longing ſight
Expect the coming of ſome hardy Knight,
That might have quell'd his Pride, and ſet her free,
Than I with longing ſight have look'd for thee.

Boy. Your *Perſeus* is come, Maſter, that will deſtroy him,
The very comfort of whoſe Preſence ſhuts
The monſter Hunger from your yelping Guts.

Laz. Brief, Boy, brief, diſcourſe the Service of each ſeveral Table compendiouſly.

Boy. Here's a Bill of all, Sir.

Laz. Give it me, a Bill of all the ſeveral Services this Day appointed for every Table in the Court:
Ay, this is it on which my hopes rely,
Within this Paper all my Joys are clos'd:
Boy, open it, and read it with Reverence.

Boy. For the Captain of the Guards Table, three Chines of Beef, and two joals of Sturgeon.

Laz. A portly Service, but groſs, groſs; proceed to the Duke's own Table, dear Boy, to the Duke's own Table.

Boy. For the Duke's own Table, the Head of an *Umbrana*.

Laz. Is't poſſible? can Heav'n be ſo propitious to the Duke?

Boy. Yes, I'll aſſure you, Sir, 'tis poſſible, Heav'n is ſo propitious to him.

Laz. Why then he is the richeſt Prince alive:
He were the wealthieſt Monarch in all *Europe*,
Had he no other Territories, Dominions, Provinces, Seats,

Nor

Nor Palaces, but only that *Umbrana*'s Head.

Boy. 'Tis very freſh and ſweet, Sir, the Fiſh was taken but this Night, and the Head, as a rare Novelty, appointed by ſpecial Commandment for the Duke's own Table, this Dinner.

Laz. If poor unworthy I may come to eat,
Of this moſt ſacred Diſh, I here do vow
(If that blind Huſwife Fortune will beſtow
But Means on me) to keep a ſumptuous Houſe,
A Board groaning under the heavy Burden of the Beaſts that cheweth the Cud, and the Fowl that cutteth the Air: I ſhall not like the Table of a Country Juſtice, beſprinkled over with all manner of cheap Sallads, ſliced Beef, Giblets, and Pettitoes, to fill up Room, nor ſhould there ſtand any great, cumberſom, un-cut-up Pies, at the nether end, fill'd with Moſs and Stones, partly to make a ſhew with, and partly to keep the lower Meſs from eating; nor ſhall my Meat come in ſneaking, like the City Service, one Diſh a Quarter of an Hour after another, and gone, as if they had appointed to meet there, and had miſtook the Hour; nor ſh uld it, like the new Court Service, come in in haſte, as if it fain would be gone again, all Courſes at once, like a hunting Breakfaſt; but I would have my ſeveral Courſes, and my Diſhes well fill'd, my firſt Courſe ſhould be brought in after the ancient Manner, by a ſcore of old bleer-ey'd Serving-men, in long blue Coats, (marry they ſhall buy Silk, facing, and Buttons themſelves) but that's by the way.

Boy. Maſter, the time calls on, will you be walking? [*Exit Boy.*

Laz. Follow Boy, follow, my Guts were half an Hour ſi ce in the privy Kitchin. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Count, and his Siſter Oriana.

Ori. Faith Brother, I muſt needs go yonder.

Count. And faith Siſter what will you do yonder?

Ori. I know the Lady *Honoria* will be glad to ſee me.

Count. Glad to ſee you? Faith the Lady *Honoria* cares for you as ſhe doth for all other young Ladies, ſhe's glad to ſee you, and will ſhew you the Privy Garden, and tell you how many Gowns the Dutcheſs had; marry if you have ever an old Uncle, that would be a Lord, or ever a Kinſman that hath done a Murther, or committed a Robbery, and will give good ſtore of Mony to procure his Pardon, then the Lady *Honoria* will be glad to ſee you.

Ori. Ay, but they ſay one ſhall ſee fine ſights at the Court.

Count. I'll tell you what you ſhall ſee, you ſhall ſee many Faces of Man's making, for you ſhall find very few as God left them: And you ſhall ſee many Legs too; amongſt the reſt you ſhall

behold one pair, the Feet of which were in times paſt ſockleſs, but are now through the change of time (that alters all things) very ſtrangely become the Legs of a Knight and a Courtier; another pair you ſhall ſee, that were Heir apparent Legs to a Glover, theſe Legs hope ſhortly to be honourable; when they paſs by they will bow, and the Mouth to theſe Legs will ſeem to offer you ſome Courtſhip; it will not ſwear, but it will lye, hear it not.

Ori. Why, and are not theſe fine ſights?

Count. Siſter, in ſerioufneſs you yet are young
And fair, a fair young Maid, and apt. *Ori.* Apt?

Count. Exceeding apt to be drawn to. *Ori.* To what?

Count. To that you ſhould not be, 'tis no diſpraiſe,
She is not bad that hath deſire to Ill,
But ſhe that hath no Power to rule that Will:
For there you ſhall be wooed in other kinds
Than yet your Years have known; the chiefeſt Men
Will ſeem to throw themſelves
As Vaſſals at your Voice, kiſs your Hand,
Prepare your Banquets, Maſques, Shews, all Inticements
That Wit and Luſt together can deviſe,
To draw a Lady from the ſtate of Grace
To an old Lady Widow's Gallery;
And they will praiſe your Virtues, beware that,
The only way to turn a Woman Whore,
Is to commend her Chaſtity: You'll go?

Ori. I would go, if it were only to ſhew you, that I could be there, and be mov'd with none of theſe tricks.

Count. Your Servants are ready! *Ori.* A hour ſince.

Count. Well, if you come off clear from this hot Service,
Your Praiſe ſhall be the greater. Farewel, Siſter.

Ori. Farewel, Brother.

Count. Once more, if you ſtay in the Preſence 'till Candle-light, keep on the foreſide o'th' Curtain; and do you hear, take heed of the old Bawd in the Cloth of Tiſſue Sleeves, and the knit Mittins. Farewel, Siſter. [*Ex.* Ori.

Now am I idle, I would I had been a Scholar, that I might have ſtudied now: the Puniſhment of meaner Men is, they have too much to do; our only Miſery is, that without Company we know not what to do; I muſt take ſome of the common courſes of our Nobility, which is thus: If I can find no company that likes me, pluck off my Hatband, throw an old Cloak over my Face, and as if I would not be known, walk haſtily through the Streets, 'till I be diſcovered; then there goes Count ſuch a one, ſays one; there goes Count ſuch a one, ſays another: Look how faſt he goes, ſays a third; there's ſome great matters in hand queſtionleſs, ſays a fourth; when all my buſineſs is to have them ſay ſo; this hath been uſed; or if I can find

find any Company, I'll after Dinner to the Stage to see a Play: where, when I first enter, you shall have a murmur in the House, every one that does not know cries, what Nobleman is that? all the Gallants on the Stage rise, vail to me, kiss their Hand, offer me their places: then I pick out some one, whom I please to grace among the rest, take his Seat, use it, throw my Cloak over my Face, and laugh at him: the poor Gentleman imagines himself most highly grac'd, thinks all the Auditors esteem him one of my Bosom Friends, and in right special regard with me. But here comes a Gentleman, that I hope will make me better sport, than either Street, and Stage fooleries.

Enter Lazarillo *and Boy.*

This Man loves to eat good Meat, always provided, he doth not pay for it himself; he goes by the Name of the *Hungry Courtier*, marry, because I think that Name will not sufficiently distinguish him, for no doubt he hath more Fellows there, his Name is *Lazarillo*; he is one of these ordinary Eaters, that will devour three Breakfasts, and as many Dinners, without any prejudice to their Beavers, Drinkings, or Suppers; but he hath a more courtly kind of Hunger, and doth hunt more after Novelty, than Plenty: I'll over-hear him.

Laz. Oh thou most itching kindly Appetite,
Which every Creature in his Stomach feels;
Oh leave, leave yet at last thus to torment me:
Three several Sallads have I sacrific'd,
Bedew'd with precious Oil and Vinegar,
Already to appease thy greedy Wrath. Boy.

Boy Sir. *Laz.* Will the Count speak with me?

Boy. One of his Gentlemen is gone to inform him of your coming, Sir.

Laz. There is no way left for me to compass the Fish-head, but by being presently made known to the Duke.

Boy. That will be hard, Sir.

Laz. When I have tasted of this sacred Dish,
Then shall my Bones rest in my Father's Tomb
In peace; then shall I dye most willingly,
And as a Dish be serv'd to satisfie
Death's hunger, and I will be buried thus:
My Bier shall be a Charger born by four,
The Coffin where I lye, a powd'ring Tub,
Bestrew'd with Lettice, and cool Sallad Herbs,
My Winding-sheet of Tansies, the black Guard
Shall be my solemn Mourners; and instead
Of Ceremonies, wholsome burial Prayers,
A printed Dirge in Rhime, shall bury me.
Instead of Tears, let them pour Capon Sauce upon my Hearse,
And Salt instead of Dust, Manchets for Stones, for other glorious

Give me a Voider; and above my Hearſe
For a Trutch Sword, my naked Knife ſtuck up.

[*The Count diſcovers himſelf.*

Boy. Maſter, the Count's here.

Laz. Where? my Lord I do beſeech you.

Count. You're very welcome, Sir, I pray you ſtand up, you ſhall dine with me.

Laz. I do beſeech your Lordſhip, by the love I ſtill have born to your honourable Houſe.

Count. Sir, what need all this? you ſhall dine with me, I pray riſe.

Laz. Perhaps your Lordſhip takes me for one of theſe ſame Fellows, that do as it were reſpect Victuals.

Count. Oh Sir, by no means.

Laz. Your Lordſhip has often promiſed, that whenſoever I ſhould affect Greatneſs, your own hand ſhould help to raiſe me.

Count. And ſo much ſtill aſſure your ſelf of.

Laz. And though I muſt confeſs, I have ever ſhun'd Popularity, by the Example of others, yet I do now feel my ſelf a little ambitious, your Lordſhip is great, and though young, yet a Privy-Counſellor.

Count. I pray you, Sir, leap into the matter, what would you have me do for you?

Laz. I would entreat your Lordſhip to make me known to the Duke. *Count.* When, Sir?

Laz. Suddenly, my Lord, I would have you preſent me unto him this Morning.

Count. It ſhall be done, but for what Virtues would you have him take notice of you?

Laz. Your Lordſhip ſhall know that preſently.

Count. 'Tis pity of this Fellow, he is of good Wit, and ſufficient Underſtanding, when he is not troubled with this greedy Worm.

Laz. 'Faith, you may entreat him to take notice of me for any thing; for being an excellent Farrier, for playing well at Span-counter, or ſticking Knives in Walls, for being impudent, or for nothing; why may not I be a Favourite on the ſudden? I ſee nothing againſt it.

Count. Not ſo, Sir, I know you have not the Face to be a Favourite on the ſudden.

Laz. Why then you ſhall preſent me as a Gentleman well qualified, or one extraordinary ſeen in divers ſtrange Myſteries.

Count. In what, Sir? as how?

Laz. Marry as thus.

Enter Intelligencer.

Count. Yonder's my old Spirit, that hath haunted me daily, ever ſince

ſince I was a Privy-Counſellor, I muſt be rid of him. I pray you ſtay there, I am a little buſie, I will ſpeak with you preſently.

Laz. You ſhall bring me in, and after a little other Talk, taking me by the Hand, you ſhall utter theſe words to the Duke: May it pleaſe your Grace, to take note of a Gentleman, well read, deeply learned, and throughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all Sallads and Pot-herbs whatſoever.

Count. 'Twill be rare; if you will walk before, Sir, I will overtake you inſtantly.

Laz. Your Lordſhip's ever. [*Exit.*

Count. This Fellow is a kind of an Informer, one that lives in Ale-houſes and Taverns, and becauſe he perceives ſome worthy Men in this Land, with much Labour and great Expence, to have diſcover'd things dangerouſly hanging over the State; he thinks to diſcover as much out of the talk of Drunkards in Tap-houſes; He brings me Informations, pick'd out of broken words, in Men's common talk, which, with his malicious Miſ-application, he hopes will ſeem dangerous; he doth beſides, bring me the Names of all the young Gentlemen in the City, that uſe Ordinaries, or Taverns, talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom of their Youth teach them, without any further ends, for dangerous and ſeditious Spirits; he is beſides, an arrant Whore-maſter, as any is in *Milan*, of a Lay-man; I will not meddle with the Clergy: he is a parcel Lawyer, and in my Conſcience much of their Religion, I muſt put upon him ſome piece of Service. Come hither, Sir, what have you to do with me?

Int. Little my Lord, I only come to know how your Lordſhip would employ me.

Count. Obſerved you that Gentleman that parted from me but (now?

Int. I ſaw him now, my Lord.

Count. I was ſending for you, I have talked with this Man, and I do find him dangerous.

Int. Is your Lordſhip in good earneſt?

Count. Hark you, Sir, there may perhaps be ſome within Earſhots. [*He whiſpers with him.*

Enter Lazarillo *and his Boy.*

Laz. Sirrah, will you venture your Life, the Duke hath ſent the Fiſh-head to my Lord?

Boy. Sir, if he have not kill me, do what ye will with me.

Laz. How uncertain is the State of all mortal things? I have theſe croſſes from my Cradle, from my very Cradle, inſomuch that I do begin to grow deſperate: Fortune I do deſpiſe thee, do thy worſt; yet when I do better gather my ſelf together, I do find it is rather the part of a wiſe Man, to prevent the Storms of Fortune by ſtirring, than to ſuffer them by ſtanding ſtill, to pour themſelves upon his naked Body; I will about it:

Count.

Count. Who's within there?

Enter a Serving-man.

Let this Gentleman out at the back Door, forget not my Inſtructions, if you find any thing dangerous: trouble not your ſelf to find out me, but carry your Informations to the Lord *Lucio*, he is a Man grave, and well experienced in theſe buſineſſes.

Int. Your Lordſhip's Servant.

[*Exit Intelligencer and Serving-man.*

Count. Your Lordſhip's Servant.

Laz. Will it pleaſe your Lordſhip to walk?

Count. Sir, I was coming, I will overtake you.

Laz. I will attend you over-againſt the Lord *Gondarino*'s Houſe.

Count. You ſhall not attend there long.

Laz. Thither muſt I
To ſee my Love's Face, the chaſte Virgin-Head
Of a dear Fiſh, yet pure and undeflowred,
Not known of Man, no rough bred Country Hand
Hath once touch'd thee, no Pandars withered Paw,
Nor an un-napkin'd Lawyer's greaſie Fiſt,
Hath once ſlubbered thee; no Lady's ſupple Hand,
Waſh'd o'er with Urine, hath yet ſeiz'd on thee
With her two nimble Talents; no Court Hand,
Whom his own natural Filth, or change of Air,
Hath bedeck'd with Scabs, hath marr'd thy whiter Grace:
Oh let it be thought lawful then for me,
To crop the Flower of thy Virginity. [*Exit* Laz.

Count. This Day I am for Fools, I am all theirs.
Though like to our young wanton cocker'd Heirs,
Who do affect thoſe Men above the reſt
In whoſe baſe Company they ſtill are beſt:
I do not with much Labour ſtrive to be
The wiſeſt ever in the Company:
But for a Fool, our Wiſdom oft amends,
As Enemies do teach us more than Friends. [*Ex.* Count.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gondarino *and his Servants.*

Serv. MY Lord! *Gond.* Ha!
Serv. Here's one hath brought you a Preſent.
Gond. From whom? From a Woman? if it be from a Woman, bid him carry it back, and tell her ſhe's a Whore; what is it?
Serv. A Fiſh Head, my Lord. *Gond.* What Fiſh Head?
Serv. I did not ask that, my Lord. *Gond.* Whence comes it?
Serv. From the Court. *Gond.* O 'tis a Cods-head. (Duke.
Serv. No, my Lord, 'tis ſome ſtrange Head, it comes from the
Gond. Let it be carried to my Mercer, I do owe him Mony for Silks, ſtop his Mouth with that. [*Exit Servant.*
Was there ever any Man that hated his Wife after Death but I? and for her ſake all Women, Women that were created for the preſervation of little Dogs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, the Count's Siſter being overtaken in the Streets with a great Hail-ſtorm, is light at your Gate, and deſires room 'till the Storm be overpaſt.
Gond. Is ſhe a Woman? *Serv.* Ay, my Lord, I think ſo.
Gond. I have none for her then: bid her get her gone, tell her ſhe is not welcome.
Serv. My Lord, ſhe is now coming up.
Gond. She ſhall not come up; tell her any thing; tell her I have but one great Room in my Houſe, and I am now in it at the Cloſe-Stool. *Serv.* She's here, my Lord.
Gond. O Impudence of Women; I can keep Dogs out of my Houſe, or I can defend my Houſe againſt Thieves, but I cannot keep out Women.

Enter Oriana, *a Waiting-Woman, and a Page.*

Now, Madam, what hath your Ladyſhip to ſay to me?
Ori. My Lord, I was bold to crave the help of your Houſe againſt the Storm.
Gond. Your Ladyſhip's Boldneſs in coming will be Impudence in ſtaying; for you are moſt unwelcome.
Ori. Oh, my Lord!
Gond. Do you laugh? by the hate I bear to you, 'tis true.
Ori. Y'are merry, my Lord.
Gond. Let me laugh to Death if I be, or can be whilſt thou art here, or liveſt; or any of thy Sex.
Ori. I commend your Lordſhip.
Gond. Do you commend me? why do you commend me? I give

give you no ſuch cauſe: Thou art a filthy impudent Whore; a Woman, a very Woman.

Ori. Ha, ha, ha.

Gond. Begot when thy Father was drunk.

Ori. Your Lordſhip hath a good Wit.

Gond. How? what, have I good Wit?

Ori. Come, my Lord, I have heard before of your Lordſhip's merry vein in jeſting againſt our Sex, which I being deſirous to hear, made me rather chuſe your Lordſhip's Houſe, than any other; but I know I am welcome.

Gond. Let me not live if you be: Methinks it doth not become you to come to my Houſe, being a Stranger to you; I have no Woman in my Houſe to entertain you, nor to ſhew you your Chamber; why ſhould you come to me? I have no Galleries, nor Banqueting-houſes, nor bawdy Pictures to ſhew your Ladiſhip.

Ori. Believe me, this your Lordſhip's plainneſs makes me think my ſelf more welcome, than if you had ſworn by all the pretty Court Oaths that are, I had been welcomer than your Soul to your Body.

Gond. Now ſhe's in, talking Treaſon will get her out, I durſt ſooner undertake to talk an Intelligencer out of the Room, and ſpeak more than he durſt hear, than talk a Woman out of my Company.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the Duke being in the Streets, and the Storm continuing, is entred your Gate, and now coming up.

Gond. The Duke! now I know your Errand, Madam; you have Plots and private Meetings at hand: Why do you chuſe my Houſe? are you aſham'd to go to it in the old coupling Place, though it be leſs ſuſpicious here; for no Chriſtian will ſuſpect a Woman to be in my Houſe? yet you may do it cleanlier there, for there is a care had of thoſe Buſineſſes; and whereſoever you remove, your great Maintainer and you ſhall have your Lodgings directly oppoſite, it is but putting on your Night-gown, and your Slippers; Madam, you underſtand me?

Ori. Before I would not underſtand him, but now he ſpeaks Riddles to me indeed.

Enter the Duke, Arrigo *and* Lucio.

Duke. 'Twas a ſtrange Hail-ſtorm.

Luc. 'Twas exceeding ſtrange.

Gond. Good Morrow to your Grace.

Duke. Good Morrow, *Gondarino.*

Gond. Juſtice, great Prince.

Duke. Why ſhould you beg for Juſtice, I never did you wrong; what's the Offender?

Gond. A Woman.

Duke.

Duke. I know your ancient Quarrel againſt that Sex; but what hainous Crime hath ſhe committed?

Gond. She hath gone abroad. *Duke.* What? it cannot be.

Gond. She hath done it.

Duke. How? I never heard of any Woman that did ſo before.

Gond. If ſhe have not laid by that Modeſty
That ſhould attend a Virgin, and, quite void
Of Shame, hath left the Houſe where ſhe was born,
As they ſhould never do; let me endure
The Pains that ſhe ſhould ſuffer.

Duke. Hath ſhe ſo? Which is the Woman?

Gond. This, this. *Duke.* How? *Arrigo: Lucio.*

Gond. Ay, then it is a Plot, no Prince alive
Shall force me to make my Houſe a Brothel Houſe;
Not for the Sin's, but for the Woman's ſake,
I will not have her in my Doors ſo long:
Will they make my Houſe as Bawdy as their own are?

Duke. Is it not *Oriana*? *Luc.* 'Tis.

Duke. Siſter to Count *Valore*? *Arri.* The very ſame.

Duke. She that I Love? *Luc.* She that you Love.

Duke. I do ſuſpect. *Luc.* So do I.

Duke. This Fellow to be but a Counterfeit,
One that doth ſeem to loath all Woman-kind,
To hate himſelf, becauſe he hath ſome part
Of Woman in him; ſeems not to endure
To ſee, or to be ſeen of any Woman,
Only, becauſe he knows it is their Nature
To wiſh to Taſte that which is moſt forbidden:
And with this ſhew he may the better compaſs
(And with far leſs Suſpicion) his baſe ends.

Luc. Upon my Life 'tis ſo. *Duke.* And I do know,
Before his ſlain Wife gave him that Offence,
He was the greateſt Servant to that Sex
That ever was: What doth this Lady here
With him alone? Why ſhould he rail at her to me?

Luc. Becauſe your Grace might not ſuſpect.

Duke. 'Twas ſo; I do love her ſtrangely.
I would fain know the Truth; counſel me. [*They three whiſper.*

Enter Count, Lazarillo, *and his Boy.*

Count. It falls out better than we could expect. Sir, that we ſhould find the Duke and my Lord *Gondarino* together, both which you deſire to be acquainted with.

Laz 'Twas very happy; Boy, go down into the Kitchen, and ſee if you can ſpy that ſame; I am now in ſome Hope; I have methinks a kind of Fever upon me, [*Exit Boy.*
A certain Gloominеſs within me, doubting as it were, betwixt two Paſſions: There is no young Maid upon her wedding Night,

when her Husband sets first foot in the Bed blushes, and looks pale again, oftner than I do now: There is no Poet acquainted with more Shakings and Quakings, towards the latter end of his new Play, when he's in that Case, that he stands peeping betwixt Curtains, so fearfully that a Bottle of Ale cannot be opened, but he thinks some Body hisses, than I am at this Instant.

Count. Are they in Consultation? If they be, either my young Duke hath gotten some Bastard, and is persuading my Knight yonder to father the Child, and marry the Wench, or else some Cockpit is to be built.

Laz. My Lord! What Nobleman's that?

Count. His Name is *Lucio*, 'tis he that was made a Lord at the Request of some of his Friends for his Wife's sake; he affects to be a great States-man, and thinks it consists in Night-Caps, and Tooth-picks? *Laz.* And what's that other?

Count. A Knight, Sir, that pleaseth the Duke to favour, and to raise to some extraordinary Fortunes, he can make as good Men as himself, every Day in the Week, and doth——

Laz. For what was he raised?

Count. Truly, Sir, I am not able to say directly, for what; but for wearing of red Breeches as I take it; he's a brave Man, he will spend three Knighthoods at a Supper without Trumpets.

Laz. My Lord I'll talk with him, for I have a Friend that would gladly receive the Humour.

Count. If he have the Itch of Knighthood upon him, let him repair to that Physician, he'll cure him; but I will give you a Note; is your Friend fat or lean?

Laz. Something fat.

Count. 'Twill be the worse for him.

Laz. I hope that's not material.

Count. Very much, for there is an Impost set upon Knighthoods, and your Friend shall pay a Noble in the Pound.

Duke. I do not like Examinations,
We shall find out the Truth more easily,
Some other way less noted, and that Course
Should not be us'd, 'till we be sure to prove
Something directly, for when they perceive
Themselves suspected, they will then provide
More warily to answer.

Luc. Doth she know your Grace doth love her?

Duke. She hath never heard it.

Luc. Then thus my Lord. [*They whisper again.*

Laz. What's he that walks
Alone so sadly with his Hands behind him?

Count. The Lord of the House, he that you desire to be acquainted with, he doth hate Women for the same Cause that I love them.

Laz.

Laz. What's that?

Count. For that which Apes want; you perceive me, Sir?

Laz. And is he ſad? Can he be ſad that hath ſo rich a Gem under his Roof, as that which I do follow?
What young Lady's that?

Count. Which? Have I mine Eye-ſight perfect, 'tis my Siſter: Did I ſay the Duke had a Baſtard? What ſhould ſhe make here with him and his Council? She hath no Papers in her Hand to petition to them, ſhe hath never a Husband in Priſon, whoſe Releaſe ſhe might ſue for: That's a fine Trick for a Wench; to get her Husband clapt up, that ſhe may more freely, and with leſs Suſpicion, viſit the private Studies of Men in Authority. Now I do diſcover their Conſultation, yon Fellow is a Pander without all Salvation; but let me not condemn her too raſhly, without weighing the Matter; ſhe's a young Lady, ſhe went forth early this Morning with a Waiting-woman, and a Page, or ſo: This is no Garden Houſe, in my Conſcience ſhe went forth with no diſhoneſt Intent; for ſhe did not pretend going to any Sermon in the further end of the City; neither went ſhe to ſee any old Gentlewoman, that mourns for the Death of her Husband, or the loſs of her Friend, and muſt have young Ladies come to comfort her: Thoſe are the damnable Bawds; 'twas no ſet Meeting certainly, for there was no Wafer-Woman with her theſe three Days on my Knowledge: I'll talk with her.
Good morrow, my Lord.

Gond. Y'are welcome, Sir; here's her Brother come now to do a kind Office for his Siſter; Is it not ſtrange?

Count. I am glad to meet you here, Siſter.

Ori. I thank you, good Brother; and if you doubt of the Cauſe of my coming, I can ſatisfie you.

Count. No faith, I dare truſt thee, I do ſuſpect thou art honeſt; for it is ſo rare a thing to be honeſt amongſt you, that ſome one Man in an Age may perhaps ſuſpect ſome two Women to be honeſt, but never believe it verily.

Luc. Let your Return be ſudden.

Arri. Unſuſpected by them.

Duke. It ſhall; ſo ſhall I beſt perceive their Love, if there be any; Farewel.

Count. Let me entreat your Grace to ſtay a little,
To know a Gentleman, to whom your ſelf
Is much beholden; he hath made the Sport
For your whole Court theſe eight Years, on my Knowledge.

Duke. His Name? *Count. Lazarillo.*

Duke. I heard of him this Morning, which is he?

Count. Lazarillo, pluck up thy Spirits, thy Fortune is now raiſing, the Duke calls for thee, and thou ſhalt be acquainted with him.

Laz. He's going away, and I muſt of Neceſſity ſtay here upon Buſineſs.

Count. 'Tis all one, thou ſhalt know him firſt.

Laz. Stay a little, if he ſhould offer to take me away with him, and by that Means I ſhould loſe that I ſeek for; but if he ſhould I will not go with him.

Count. Lazarillo, the Duke ſtays, wilt thou loſe this Opportunity?

Laz. How muſt I ſpeak to him?

Count. 'Twas well thought of; you muſt not talk to him as you do to an ordinary Man, honeſt plain Senſe, but you muſt wind about him; for Example, if he ſhould ask you what a Clock it is, you muſt not ſay If it pleaſe your Grace 'tis nine; but thus; thrice three a Clock, ſo pleaſe my Sovereign; or thus:

Look how many Muſes there doth dwell
Upon the ſweet Banks of the learned Well,
And juſt ſo many Stroaks the Clock hath ſtruck;
And ſo forth; and you muſt now and then enter into a Deſcription:

Laz. I hope I ſhall do it.

Count. Come: May it pleaſe your Grace to take note of a Gentleman, well ſeen, deeply read, and throughly grounded in the hidden Knowledge of all Sallets and Pot-herbs whatſoever.

Duke. I ſhall deſire to know him more inwardly.

Laz. I kiſs the Ox Hide of your Grace's Foot.

Count. Very well; will your Grace queſtion him a little?

Duke. How old are you?

Laz. Full eight and twenty ſeveral Almanacks
Have been compiled, all for ſeveral Years,
Since firſt I drew this Breath; four Prenticeſhips
Have I moſt truly ſerved in this World;
And eight and twenty times hath *Phœbus* Car
Run out his yearly Courſe ſince.

Duke. I underſtand you, Sir.

Luc. How like an ignorant Poet he talks.

Duke. You are eight and twenty Years old? What time of the Day do you hold it to be?

Laz. About the time that Mortals whet their Knives
On Threſholds, on their Shoe Soles, and on Stairs,
New Bread is grating, and the teſty Cook
Hath much to do now, now the Table's all.

Duke. 'Tis almoſt Dinner time?

Laz. Your Grace doth apprehend me rightly.

Count. Your Grace ſhall find him, in your further Conference,
Grave, wiſe, courtly, and Scholar like, underſtandingly read
In the Neceſſities of the Life of Man;
He knows that Man is mortal by his Birth;
He knows that Man muſt die, and therefore live;

He

He knows that Man muſt live, and therefore eat.
And if it ſhall pleaſe your Grace to accompany your ſelf with him, I doubt not, but that he will, at the leaſt, make good my Commendations.

Duke. Attend us *Lazarillo*, we do want
Men of ſuch Action, as we have receiv'd you
Reported from your Honourable Friend.

Laz. Good my Lord ſtand betwixt me and my overthrow, you know I'm ty'd here, and may not depart, my gracious Lord, ſo weighty are the Buſineſſes of mine own, which at this time do call upon me, that I will rather chuſe to die, than to neglect them.

Count. Nay, you ſhall perceive; beſides the Virtues that I have already inform'd you of, he hath a Stomach which will ſtoop to no Prince alive.

Duke. Sir, at your beſt Leiſure; I ſhall thirſt to ſee you.

Laz. And I ſhall hunger for it. *Duke.* 'Till then farewel all.

Gond. Count. Long Life attend your Grace.

Duke. I do not taſte this Sport. *Arrigo, Lucio.*

Arri. Luc We do attend. [*Exeunt Duke*, Arrigo, Lucio.

Gond. His Grace is gone, and hath left his *Hellen* with me, I'm no Pander for him, neither can I be won with the Hope of Gain, or the itching Deſire of taſting my Lord's Leachery to him, to keep her at my Houſe; or bring her in Diſguiſe to his Bed-Chamber.

The Twins of Adders, and of Scorpions
About my naked Breaſt, will ſeem to me
More tickling than thoſe Claſpes, which Men adore;
The luſtful, dull, ill-ſpirited Embraces
Of Women; the much praiſed *Amazons*,
Knowing their own Infirmities ſo well,
Made of themſelves a People, and what Men
They take amongſt them, they condemn to die,
Perceiving that their Folly made them fit
To live no longer, that would willingly
Come in the worthleſs Preſence of a Woman.

I will attend, and ſee what my young Lord will do with his Siſter.

Enter Lazarillo's *Boy.*

Boy. My Lord, the Fiſh Head is gone again.

Count. Whither?

Boy. I know whither, my Lord.

Count. Keep it from *Lazarillo*: Siſter, ſhall I confer with you in private, to know the Cauſe of the Duke's coming hither, I know he makes you acquainted with his Buſineſs of State.

Ori. I'll ſatisfie you, Brother, for I ſee you are jealous of me.

Gond. Now there ſhall be ſome Courſe taken for her Conveyance.

Laz.

Laz. *Lazarillo*, thou art happy, thy Carriage hath begot Love, and that Love hath brought forth Fruits; thou art here in the Company of a Man honourable, that will help thee to taſte of the Bounties of the Sea, and when thou haſt ſo done thou ſhalt retire thy ſelf unto the Court, and taſte of the Delicates of the Earth, and be great in the Eyes of thy Sovereign: Now no more ſhalt thou need to ſcramble for thy Meat, nor remove thy Stomach with the Court; but thy Credit ſhall command thy Hearts deſire, and all Novelties ſhall be ſent as Preſents unto thee.

Count. Good Siſter, when you ſee your own time, will you return home?

Ori. Yes Brother, and not before.

Laz. I will grow popular in this State, and overthrow the Fortunes of a number, that live by Extortion.

Count. *Lazarillo*, beſtir thy ſelf nimbly and ſuddenly, and hear me with Patience.

Laz. Let me not fall from my ſelf; ſpeak, I'm bound to hear.

Count. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear the Fifth Head is gone, and we know not whither.

Laz. I will not curſe, nor ſwear, nor rage, nor rail,
Nor with contemptuous Tongue, accuſe my Fate;
Though I might juſtly do it; nor will I
Wiſh my ſelf uncreated, for this Evil:
Shall I entreat your Lordſhip to be ſeen
A little longer in the Company
Of a Man croſs'd by Fortune?

Count. I hate to leave my Friend in his Extremities.

Laz. 'Tis noble in you; then I take your Hand,
And do proteſt, I do not follow this
For any Malice or for private ends,
But with a Love, as gentle and as chaſte,
As that a Brother to his Siſter bears:
And if I ſee this Fiſh Head yet unknown,
The laſt Words that my dying Father ſpake,
Before his Eye-ſtrings brake, ſhall not of me
So often be remembred, as our Meeting:
Fortune attend me, as my Ends are juſt,
Full of pure Love, and free from ſervile Luſt.

Count. Farewel, my Lord; I was entreated to invite your Lordſhip to a Lady's upſitting.

Gond. O my Ears, why Madam, will not you follow your Brother? you are waited for by great Men, he'll bring you to him.

Ori. I'm very well, my Lord, you do miſtake me, if you think I affect greater Company than your ſelf.

Gond. What Madneſs poſſeſſeth thee, that thou canſt imagine me a fit Man to entertain Ladies; I tell thee, I do uſe to tear their Hair,

Hair, to kick them, and twindge their Noſes, if they be not careful in avoiding me.

Ori. Your Lordſhip may deſcant upon your own Behaviour as pleaſe you, but I proteſt, ſo ſweet and courtly it appears in my Eye, that I mean not to leave you yet.

Gond. I ſhall grow rough.

Ori. A rough Carriage is beſt in a Man:
I'll dine with you, my Lord.

Gond. Why I will ſtarve thee, thou ſhalt have nothing.

Ori. I have heard of your Lordſhip's nothing, I'll put that to the venture.

Gond. Well thou ſhalt have Meat, I'll ſend it to thee.

Ori. I'll keep no State my Lord, neither do I mourn,
I'll dine with you.

Gond. Is ſuch a thing as this allowed to live?
What Power hath let thee looſe upon the Earth
To plague us for our Sins? Out of my Doors.

Ori. I would your Lordſhip did but ſee how well
This Fury doth become you, it doth ſhew
So near the Life, as it were natural.

Gond. O thou damn'd Woman, I will flie the Vengeance
That hangs above thee, follow if thou dar'ſt. [*Exit* Gond.

Ori. I muſt not leave this Fellow, I will torment him to Madneſs,
To teach his Paſſions againſt kind to move:
The more he hates, the more I'll ſeem to love.

[*Exeunt* Oriana *and Maid.*

Enter Pander and Mercer a Citizen.

Pand. Sir, what may be done by Art ſhall be done,
I wear not this black Cloak for nothing.

Mer. Perform this, help me to this great Heir by learning, and you ſhall want no black Cloaks; Taffities, Silk-grograns, Sattins and Velvets are mine, they ſhall be yours; perform what you have promis'd, and you ſhall make me a Lover of Sciences, I will ſtudy the learned Languages, and keep my Shop-book in Latin.

Pand. Trouble me not now, I will not fail you within this hour at your Shop.

Mer. Let Art have her courſe. [*Exit Mercer.*

Enter Curtezan.

Pand. 'Tis well ſpoken. *Madona.*

Mad. Haſt thou brought me any Cuſtomers?

Pand. No.

Mad. What the Devil doſt thou in black?

Pand. As all ſolemn Profeſſors of ſettled courſes do, cover my Knavery with it: Will you marry a Citizen, reaſonably Rich, and unreaſonably Fooliſh, Silks in his Shop, Mony in his Purſe, and no Wit in his Head?

Mad.

Mad. Out upon him. I could have otherwiſe than ſo; there was a Knight ſwore he would have had me, if I would have lent him but forty Shillings to have redeem'd his Cloak, to go to Church in.

Pand. Then your Waſtcoat-waiter ſhall have him, call her in.

Mad. Franciſſina?

Fran. within. Anon.

Mad. Get you to the Church, and ſhrive your ſelf,
For you ſhall be richly married anon.

Pand. And get you after her, I will work upon my Citizen whilſt he is warm, I muſt not ſuffer him to conſult with his Neighbours; the openeſt Fools are hardly cozened, if they once grow jealous. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Gondarino *flying the Lady.*

Gon l. SAve me ye better Powers, let me not fall
Between the looſe Embracements of a Woman:
Heav'n, if my Sins be ripe grown to a Head,
And muſt attend your Vengeance, I beg not to divert my Fate,
Or to reprieve a while thy Puniſhment;
Only I crave, and hear me equal Heav'ns,
Let not your furious Rod, that muſt afflict me,
Be that imperfect piece of Nature,
That Art makes up, Woman, unſatiate Woman.
Had we not knowing Souls at firſt infus'd,
To teach a difference, 'twixt extremes and goods?
Were we not made our ſelves, free, unconfin'd,
Commanders of our own Affections?
And can it be, that this moſt perfect Creature,
This Image of his Maker, well ſquar'd Man,
Should leave the handfaſt, that he had of Grace,
To fall into a Woman's eaſie Arms.

Enter Oriana.

Ori. Now *Venus* be my ſpeed, inſpire me with all the ſeveral ſubtil Temptations, that thou haſt already given, or haſt in ſtore hereafter to beſtow upon our Sex: grant that I may apply that Phyſick that is apt to work upon him; whether he will ſooneſt be mov'd with Wantonneſs, Singing, Dancing; or being paſſionate, with Scorn; or with ſad and ſerious Looks, cunningly mingled with Sighs, with Smiling, Liſping, kiſſing the Hand, and making ſhort Curt'ſies; or with whatſoever other nimble Power he may be caught, do thou infuſe into me, and when I have him, I will ſacrifice him up to thee. *Gond.*

Gond. It comes again; new Apparitions,
And tempting Spirits: Stand and reveal thy self,
Tell why thou followeſt me? I fear thee
As I fear the place thou cam'ſt from, Hell.

Ori. My Lord, I'm a Woman, and ſuch a one———

Gond. That I hate truly, thou hadſt better been a Devil.

Ori. Why, my unpatient Lord?

Gond. Devils were once good, there they excell'd you, Woman.

Ori. Can ye be ſo uneaſie? can ye freeze, and
Such a Summers heat ſo ready
To diſſolve? Nay, gentle Lord, turn not away in ſcorn,
Nor hold me leſs fair than I am: Look on theſe Cheeks,
They have yet enough of Nature, true Complexion,
If to be red and white, a Forehead high,
An eaſie melting Lip, a ſpeaking Eye,
And ſuch a Tongue, whoſe Language takes the Ear
Of ſtrict Religion, and Men moſt auſtere:
If theſe may hope to pleaſe, look here.

Gond. This Woman with entreaty wou'd ſhow all;
Lady there lies your way, I pray ye farewel.

Ori. You're yet too harſh, too diſſonant,
There's no true Muſick in your Words, my Lord.

Gond. What ſhall I give thee to be gone?
Here's ta, and tha wants Lodging, take my Houſe, 'tis big enough, 'tis thine own, 'twill hold five leacherous Lords and their Lackies without diſcovery: there's Stoves and bathing Tubs.

Ori. Dear Lord, you're too wild.

Gond. Shalt have a Doctor too, thou ſha't, 'bout ſix and twenty, 'tis a pleaſing Age; or I can help thee to a handſome Uſher; or if thou lack'ſt a Page, I'll give thee one, prethee keep Houſe, and leave me.

Ori. I do confeſs I'm too eaſie, too much Woman,
Not coy enough to take Affection,
Yet I can frown and nip a Paſſion,
Even in the Bud: I can ſay
Men pleaſe their preſent Heats; then pleaſe to leave us.
I can hold off, and, by my Chymick Power,
Draw Sonnets from the melting Lover's Brain;
Ayme's, and *Elegies:* yet to you, my Lord,
My Love, my better ſelf, I put theſe off,
Doing that Office, not befits our Sex,
Entreat a Man to Love;
Are ye not yet relenting? ha' ye Blood and Spirit
In thoſe Veins? ye are no Image, though ye be as hard
As Marble: Sure ye have no Liver, if ye had,
'Twould ſend a lively and deſiring Heat

To every Member; is not this miſerable?
A thing ſo truly form'd, ſhap'd out by Symetry,
Has all the Organs that belong to Man,
And working too, yet to ſhew all theſe
Lik dead Motions moving upon Wyers?
Then good my Lord, leave off what you have been,
And freely be what you were firſt intended for, a Man.

Gond. Thou art a precious piece of ſly Damnation:
I will be deaf, I will lock up my Ears,
Tempt me not, I will not love; If I do——

Ori. Then I'll hate you.

Gond. Let me be 'nointed with Hony, and turn'd into the Sun,
To be ſtung to Death with Horſe-flies:
Hear'ſt thou, thou Breeder, here I'll ſit,
And, in deſpight of thee, I will ſay nothing.

Ori. Let me, with your fair Patience, ſit beſide you.

Gond. Madam, Lady, Tempter, Tongue, Woman, Air,
Look to me, I ſhall kick; I ſay again,
Look to me, I ſhall kick.

Ori. I cannot think your better knowledge can uſe a Woman ſo uncivilly.

Gond. I cannot think I ſhall become a Coxcomb,
To ha' my Hair curl'd by an idle Finger,
My Cheeks turn'd Tabers, and be plaid upon,
Mine Eyes look'd Babies in, and my Noſe blow'd to my Hand;
I ſay again, I ſhall kick, ſure I ſhall.

Ori. 'Tis but your Outſide that you ſhew, I know your Mind
Never was guilty of ſo great a Weakneſs;
Or could the Tongues of all Men joyn'd together,
Poſſeſs me with a thought of your Diſlike,
My weakneſs were above a Woman's, to fall off
From my Affection, for one crack of Thunder:
O wou'd you could love, my Lord.

Gond. I wou'd thou wouldſt ſit ſtill, and ſay nothing: What Mad-man let thee looſe to do more miſchief than a Dozen Whirlwinds; keep thy Hands in thy Muff, and warm the idle Worms in thy Finger's ends: Will ye be doing ſtill? will no entreating ſerve ye? no lawful warning? I muſt remove and leave your Ladyſhip; nay never hope to ſtay me, for I will run from that ſmooth, ſmiling, witching, cozening, tempting, damning Face of thine, as far as I can find any Land, where I will put my ſelf into a daily courſe of Curſes for thee and all thy Family.

Ori. Nay good my Lord ſit ſtill, I'll promiſe Peace,
And fold mine Arms up, let but mine Eye diſcourſe;
Or let my Voice, ſet to ſome pleaſing Cord, ſound out
The ſullen ſtrains of my neglected Love.

Gond.

Gond. Sing 'till thou crack thy Treble-ſtring in pieces;
And when thou haſt done, put up thy Pipes and walk,
Do any thing, ſit ſtill and tempt me not.

Ori. I had rather ſing at Doors for Bread, than ſing to this Fellow, but for hate: If this ſhould be told in the Court, that I begin to woo Lords, what a Troop of the untruſt Nobility ſhould I have at my Lodging to Morrow Morning?

SONG.

Come ſleep, and with the ſweet deceiving,
Lock me in Delight a while,
Let ſome pleaſing Dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence,
I may feel an Influence.
All my Powers of Care bereaving.

Though but a ſhadow, but a ſliding,
Let me know ſome little Joy:
We that ſuffer long Annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle Fancy wrought;
O let my Joys have ſome abiding.

Gond. Have you done your Waſſail? 'tis a handſome drowſie Ditty I'll aſſure ye; now I had as lief hear a Cat cry, when her Tail is cut off, as hear theſe Lamentations, theſe lowſie lovelays, theſe bewailements: You think you have caught me, Lady, you think I melt now, like a Diſh of *May* Butter, and run all into Brine and Paſſion? yes, yes, I'm taken, look how I croſs my Arms, look pale, and dwindle, and wou'd cry, but for ſpoiling my Face; we muſt part, nay we'll avoid all Ceremony, no kiſſing. Lady, I deſire to know your Ladyſhip no more; death of my Soul, the Duke!

Ori. God keep your Lordſhip.

Gond. From thee and all thy Sex.

Ori. I'll be the Clark, and cry *Amen*,
Your Lordſhip's ever aſſured Enemy, *Oriana.*

[*Exit* Oriana. *Manet* Gondarino

SCENE II.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, *and* Lucio.

Gond. All the days good attend your Lordſhip:

Duke. We thank you, *Gondarino*: is it poſſible?
Can belief lay hold on ſuch a Miracle,
To ſee thee, one that hath cloyſter'd up all Paſſion,
Turn'd wilful Votary, and forſworn converſe with Women, in Company and fair Diſcourſe with the beſt Beauty of *Milan?*

Gond. 'Tis true, and if your Grace, that hath the Sway
Of the whole State, will ſuffer this lewd Sex,
Theſe Women, to purſue us to our Homes,
Not to be pray'd, not to be rail'd away,
But they will Woo, and Dance, and Sing,
And, in a manner, looſer than they are
By Nature (which ſhould ſeem impoſſible)
To throw their Arms on our unwilling Necks.

Duke. No more, I can ſee through your Viſſore, diſſemble it no more:
Do not I know thou haſt us'd all Art,
To work upon the poor ſimplicity
Of this young Maid, that hath yet known no ill?
Thinkeſt that Damnation will fright thoſe that woo
From Oaths and Lies? But yet I think her chaſt,
And will from thee, before thou ſhalt apply
Stronger Temptations, bear her hence with me.

Gond. My Lord, I ſpeak not this to gain new Grace,
But howſoever you eſteem my Words,
My Love and Duty will not ſuffer me
To ſee you favour ſuch a Proſtitute,
And I ſtand by dumb; without Rack, Torture,
Or Strappado, I unrip my ſelf:
I do confeſs I was in company with that pleaſing piece of Frailty, that we call Woman; I do confeſs after a long and tedious Siege, I yielded. *Duke.* Forward.

Gond. Faith, my Lord, to come quickly to the point, the Woman you ſaw with me is a Whore; an arrant Whore.

Duke. Was ſhe not Count *Valore*'s Siſter?

Gond. Yes, that Count *Valore*'s Siſter is naught.

Duke. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo.

Gond. Not if it be diſtaſting to your Lordſhip, but give me freedom, and I dare maintain ſhe has embrac'd this Body, and grown to it as cloſe as the hot youthful Vine to the Elm.

Duke. Twice have I ſeen her with thee, twice my Thoughts were prompted by mine Eye, to hold thy ſtrictneſs falſe and impoſterous:

posterous? Is this your mewing up, your strict Retirement, your Bitterness and Gaul against that Sex? Have I not heard thee say, thou wouldst sooner meet the *Basilisk*'s dead-doing Eye, than meet a Woman for an Object? Look it be true you tell me, or by our Country's Saint your Head goes off: If thou prove a Whore, no Woman's Face shall ever see me more.

[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Gondarino.

Gond. So, so, 'tis as't should be; are Women grown so, Mankind? Must they be wooing? I have a Plot shall blow her up, she flies, she mounts; I'll teach her Ladyship to dare my Fury, I will be known, and fear'd, and more truly hated of Women than an Eunuch.

Enter Oriana.

She's here again, good Gaul be patient, for I must dissemble.

Ori. Now my cold frosty Lord, my Woman-Hater, you that have sworn an everlasting hate to all our Sex: by my troth, good Lord, and as I'm yet a Maid, methought 'twas excellent sport to hear your Honour swear out an Alphabet, chafe nobly like a General, kick like a resty Jade, and make ill Faces: Did your good Honour think I was in Love? where did I first begin to take that heat? From those two radiant Eyes, that piercing sight? oh they were lovely, if the Balls stood right; and there's a Leg made out of a dainty Staff, where, the Gods be thanked, there is Calf enough.

Gond. Pardon him, Lady, that is now a Convert:
Your Beauty, like a Saint, hath wrought this wonder.

Ori. Alas, has it been prickt at the Heart? is the Stomach come down? will it rail no more at Women, and call 'em Devils, she Cats, and Goblins?

Gond. He that shall marry thee, had better spend the poor remainder of his days in a Dung-barge, for two Pence a Week, and find himself.
Down again Spleen, I prethee down again. Shall I find favour, Lady? shall at length my true unfeigned Penitence get Pardon for my harsh unseasoned Follies? I'm no more an Atheist, no; I do acknowledge that dread powerful Deity, and his all-quick'ning heats burn in my Breast: oh be not as I was, hard unrelenting; but as I am, be Partner of my fires.

Ori. Sure we have store of Larks, the Skies will not hold up long; I should have look'd as soon for Frost in the Dog-days, or another Inundation, as hop'd this strange Conversion above Miracle; Let me look upon your Lordship; is your Name *Gondarino*? are you *Milan*'s General, that great Bug-bear Bloody-bones, at whose Name all Women, from the Lady to the Laundress, shake like a cold fit?

Gond. Good Patience help me, this Fever will enrage my Blood again: Madam, I'm that Man; I'm even he that once did owe unreconcil'd

unreconcil'd Hate to you, and all that bear the Name of Woman; I'm the Man that wrong'd your Honour to the Duke: I'm the Man that said you were Unchast, and Prostitute, yet I'm he that dare deny all this.

Ori. Your big Nobility is very merry.

Gond. Lady, 'tis true that I have wrong'd you thus,
And my Contrition is as true as that.
Yet I have found a means to make all good again,
I do beseech your Beauty, not for my self,
My Merits are yet in Conception;
But, for your Honour's Safety and my Zeal,
Retire a while, while I unsay my self unto the Duke,
And cast out that ill Spirit I have possess'd him with,
I have a House conveniently private.

Ori. Lord, thou hast wrong'd my Innocence, but thy Confession hath gain'd thee Faith.

Gond. By the true honest Service that I owe these Eyes
My Meaning is as spotless as my Faith.

Ori. The Duke doubt mine Honour? 'a may judge strangely,
'Twill not be long before I'll be enlarg'd again.

Gond. A Day or two.

Ori. Mine own Servants shall attend me.

Gond. Your Ladyship's Command is good.

Ori. Look you be true. [*Exit* Oriana.

Gond. Else let me lose the Hopes my Soul aspires to: I will be a Scourge to all Females in my Life, and after my Death the Name of *Gondarino* shall be terrible to the mighty Women of the Earth: They shall shake at my Name, and at the sound of it their Knees shall knock together; and they shall run into Nunneries, for they and I are beyond all hope irreconcilable: For if I could endure an Ear with a hole in't, or a pleated Lock, or a bare-headed Coachman that sits like a Sign where great Ladies are to be sold within, Agreement betwixt us were not to be despair'd of. If I could be but brought to endure to see Women, I would have them come all once a Week and kiss me, as Witches do the Devil, in token of Homage. I must not live here; I will to the Court, and there pursue my Plot; when it hath took, Women shall stand in awe, but of my Look. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter two Intelligencers, discovering Treason in the Courtiers Words.

1 *Int.* There take your standing, be close and vigilant; here will I set my self, and let him look to his Language, a shall know the Duke has more Ears in Court than two.

2 *Int.*

2 *Int.* I'll quote him to a Tittle, let him ſpeak wiſely, and plainly, and as hidden as a can, or I ſhall cruſh him, a ſhall not ſcape Characters, though a ſpeak Babel, I ſhall cruſh him: We have a Fortune by this Service hanging over us, that within this Year or two I hope we ſhall be called to be Examiners, wear politick Gowns guarded with Copper-lace, making great Faces full of Fear and Office, our Labours may deſerve this.

1 *Int.* I hope it ſhall; why has not many Men been raiſed from this worming Trade, firſt to gain good Acceſs to great Men, then to have Commiſſions out for ſearch, and laſtly, to be worthily nam'd at a great Arraignment; yes, and why not we? They that endeavour well deſerve their Fee.

Cloſe, cloſe, a comes; mark well, and all goes well.

Enter Count, Lazarillo, and his Boy.

Laz. Farewel my Hopes, my Anchor now is broken,
Farewel my *quondam* Joys, of which no Token
Is now remaining, ſuch is the ſad Miſchance,
Where Lady Fortune leads the ſlippery Dance.
Yet at the length, let me this Favour have,
Give my Wiſhes, or a wiſhed Grave.

Count. The Gods defend, ſo brave and valiant Maw
Should ſlip into the never ſatiate Jaw
Of black Deſpair; no, thou ſhalt live and know
Thy full deſires; Hunger, thy ancient Foe,
Shall be ſubdu'd; thoſe Guts that daily tumble
Through Air and Appetite, ſhall ceaſe to rumble;
And thou ſhalt now at length obtain thy Diſh,
That noble part, the ſweet Head of a Fiſh.

Laz. Then am I greater than the Duke.

2 *Int.* There, there's a notable Piece of Treaſon; greater than the Duke, mark that.

Count. But how, or where, or when this ſhall be compaſs'd, is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am ſo truly miſerable, that might
I be knock'd o'th' Head, with all my Heart
I would forgive a Dog-killer.

Count. Yet do I ſee through this Confuſedneſs ſome little Comfort.

Laz. The Plot my Lord, as e'er you came of a Woman, diſcover.

1 *Int.* Plots, dangerous Plots, I will deſerve by this moſt liberally.

Count. 'Tis from my Head again.

Laz. O that it would ſtand me, that I might fight, or have ſome Venture for it, that I might be turn'd looſe, to try my Fortune amongſt the whole fry in a College or an Inn of Court, or ſcramble with the Priſoners in the Dungeon, nay were it ſet down in the outward Court,

And

And all the Guard about it in a Ring,
With their Knives drawn, which were a dismal Sight,
And after twenty leisurely were told,
I to be let loose only in my Shirt,
To try the Valour, how much of the Spoil,
I would recover from the Enemies Mouths.

Count. Upon country People in Progress time; and
Wilt thou lose this Opinion, for the cold Head of a Fish?
I say, let it go: I'll help thee to as good a Dish of Meat.

Laz. God let me not live, if I do not wonder
Men should talk so prophanely:
But it is not in the Power of loose Words,
Of any vain or misbelieving Man,
To make me dare to wrong thy Purity.
Shew me but any Lady in the Court,
That hath so full an Eye, so sweet a Breath,
So soft and white a Flesh: This doth not lye
In Almond Gloves, nor ever hath been wash'd
In artificial Baths; no Traveller
That hath brought Doctor home with him, hath dar'd
With all his Waters, Powders, Fucusses,
To make thy lovely Corps sophisticate.

Count. I have it, 'tis now infus'd, be comforted.

Laz. Can there be that little Hope yet left in Nature? Shall I once more erect up Trophies? Shall I enjoy the Sight of my dear Saint, and bless my Pallate with the best of Creatures; ah good my Lord, by whom I breath again, shall I receive this Being?

Count. Sir, I have found by certain Calculation, and settled Revolution of the Stars, the Fish is sent by the Lord *Gondarino* to his Mercer, now 'tis a growing Hope to know where 'tis.

Laz. O 'tis far above the good of Women, the *Pathick* cannot yield more pleasing Titilation.

Count. But how to compass it, search, cast about, and bang your Brains, *Lazarillo*, thou art too dull and heavy to deserve a Blessing.

Laz. My Lord, I will not be idle; now *Lazarillo*, think, think, think. *Count.* Yonder's my Informer,
And his Fellow with Table-books, they nod at me;
Upon my Life, they have poor *Lazarillo*, that beats
His Brains about no such weighty Matter, in for
Treason before this———

Laz. My Lord, what do you think, if I should shave my self,
Put on Midwives Apparel, come in with a Handkerchief,
And beg a Piece for a great belly'd Woman, or a sick Child?

Count. Good, very good.

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting Prentice to betray the Reversion?

1 *Int.* There's another Point in's Plot, corrupted with Mony; to betray; sure 'tis some Fort a means; mark, have a Care.

Laz. And 'twere the bare Vinegar 'tis eaten with, it would in some sort satisfie Nature; but might I once attain the Dish it self, though I cut out my Means through Sword and Fire, through Poison, through any thing that may make good my Hopes.

2 *Int.* Thanks to the Gods, and our Officiousness, the Plot's discover'd, Fire, Steel, and Poison, burn the Palace, kill the Duke, and poison his Privy-Council.

Count. To the Mercers, let me see; how if before we can attain the Means to make up our Acquaintance, the Fish be eaten?

Laz. If it be eaten, here he stands, that is the most dejected, most unfortunate, miserable, accursed, forsaken Slave this Province yields: I will not sure out-live it, no I will die bravely, and like a *Roman*; and after Death, amidst the *Elizian* Shades I'll meet my Love again.

1 *Int.* I will die bravely, like a *Roman*; have a Care, mark that, when he hath done all, he will kill himself.

Count. Will nothing ease your Appetite but this?

Laz. No, could the Sea throw up his Vastness,
And offer free his best Inhabitants; 'twere not so much as a bare Temptation to me.

Count. If you could be drawn to affect Beef, Venison, or Fowl, 'twould be far the better.

Laz. I do beseech your Lordship's Patience,
I do confess that in this Heat of Blood,
I have contemn'd all dull and grosser Meats;
But I protest I do honour a Chine of Beef,
I do reverence a Loin of Veal,
But good my Lord, give me leave a little to adore this;
But my good Lord, would your Lordship, under Colour of taking up some Silks, go to the Mercer's, I would in all Humility attend your Honour, where we may be invited, if Fortune stand propitious.

Count. Sir, you shall work me as you please.

Laz. Let it be suddenly, I do beseech your Lordship, 'tis now upon the Point of Dinner time.

Count. I am yours. [*Exeunt* Lazarillo *and Count.*

1 *Int.* Come, let us confer:
Imprimis, he saith, like a blasphemous Villain, he's greater than the Duke; this peppers him, and there were nothing else.

2 *Int.* Then he was naming Plots; did you not hear?

1 *Int.* Yes, but he fell from that unto Discovery, to corrupt by Mony, and so attain.

2 *Int.* Ay, ay, he meant some Fort or Cittadel the Duke hath, his very Face betray'd his Meaning. O he is very subtile and a dangerous Knave, but if he deal a Gods Name, we shall worm him.

1 *Int.* But now comes the Stroke, the fatal Blow,
Fire, Sword and Poiſon: O Canibal, thou bloody Canibal.

2 *Int.* What had become of this poor State, had we not been?

1 *Int.* Faith it had lain buried in his own Aſhes; had not a greater Hand been in't.

2 *Int.* But note the Raſcal's Reſolution, after th'Act's done, becauſe he would avoid all Fear of Torture, and cozen the Law, he wou'd kill himſelf; was there ever the like Danger brought to light in this Age? Sure we ſhall merit much, we ſhall be able to keep two Men a piece, and a two-hand Sword between us, we will live in favour of the State, betray our ten or twelve Treaſons a Week, and the People ſhall fear us; come, to the Lord *Lucio*, the Sun ſhall not go down 'till he be hang'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Mercer.

Mer. Look to my Shop, and if there come ever a Scholar in black, let him ſpeak with me; we that are Shop-keepers in good Trade, are ſo peſter'd, that we can ſcarce pick out an Hour for our Morning's Meditation; and howſoever we are all accounted dull, and common jeſting Stocks for your Gallants, there are ſome of us do not deſerve it; for, for my own part, I do begin to be given to my Book: I love a Scholar with my Heart, for queſtionleſs there are marvellous things to be done by Art: Why, Sir, ſome of them will tell you what is become of Horſes, and ſilver Spoons, and will make Wenches dance naked to their Beds: I am yet unmarry'd, and becauſe ſome of our Neighbours are ſaid to be Cuckolds, I will never be marry'd without the Conſent of ſome of theſe Scholars, that know what will come of it.

Enter Pander.

Pan. Are you buſie, Sir?

Mer. Never to you, Sir, nor to any of your Coat. Sir, is there any thing to be done by Art, concerning the great Heir we talk'd on?

Pan. Will ſhe, nill ſhe; ſhe ſhall come running into my Houſe at the farther corner, in St. *Mark's-ſtreet*, betwixt three and four.

Mer. Betwixt three and four? ſhe's brave in Clothes, is ſhe not?

Pan. O rich! rich! where ſhould I get Clothes to dreſs her in? Help me Invention Sir, that her running thro' the Street may be leſs noted, my Art more ſhown, and you fear to ſpeak with her leſs, ſhe ſhall come in a white Waſtecoat, and——

Mer. What ſhall ſhe?

Pan. And perhaps torn Stockings, ſhe hath left her old wont elſe.

Enter

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, my Lord *Gondarino* hath ſent you a rare Fiſh Head.

Mer. It comes right, all things ſute right with me ſince I began to love Scholars, you ſhall have it home with you againſt ſhe come; carry it to this Gentleman's Houſe.

Pan. The fair white Houſe at the farther corner of St. *Mark's ſtreet*, make haſte, I muſt leave you too, Sir, I have two hours to ſtudy; buy a new Accidence, and ply your Book, and you ſhall want nothing that all the Scholars in the Town can do for you

[*Exit Pander.*

Mer. Heav'n proſper both our Studies, what a dull Slave was I before I fell in love with this Learning? not worthy to tread upon the Earth, and what feeth hopes it hath put into me? I do hope within this twelve Month to be able by Art to ſerve the Court with Silks, and not undo my ſelf; to truſt Knights, and yet get in my Mony again; to keep my Wife brave, and yet ſhe keep no Body elſe ſo.

Enter Count and Lazarillo.

Your Lordſhip is moſt honourably welcome, in regard of your Nobility; but moſt eſpecially in regard of your Scholarſhip: Did your Lordſhip come openly?

Count. Sir, this Cloak keeps me private; beſides no Man will ſuſpect me to be in the Company of this Gentleman, with whom I will deſire you to be acquainted; he may prove a good Cuſtomer to you.

Laz. For plain Silks and Velvets.

Mer. Are you Scholaſtical?

Laz. Something addicted to the Muſes.

Count. I hope they will not diſpute.

Mer. You have no Skill in the black Art.

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, yonder's a Gentleman enquires haſtily for Count *Valore.* *Count.* For me? what is he?

Pren. One of your Followers, my Lord, I think.

Count. Let him come in.

Mer. Shall I talk with you in private, Sir?

Enter a Meſſenger with a Letter to the Count; he reads.

Count. Count, *come to the Court, your Buſineſs calls you thither*: I will go, farewel, Sir; I will ſee your Silks ſome other time: Farewel, *Lazarillo.*

Mer. Will not your Lordſhip take a piece of Beef with me?

Count. Sir, I have greater Buſineſs than Eating; I will leave this Gentleman with you. [*Exeunt Count and Meſſ.*

Laz. No, no, no, no: now do I feel that ſtrange ſtruggling within me, that I think I could Propheſie,

Mer. The Gentleman is meditating.

Laz. Hunger, Valour, Love, Ambition are alike pleaſing, and let our Philoſophers ſay what they will, are one kind of heat, only Hunger is the ſafeſt: Ambition is apt to fall; Love and Valour are not free from Dangers; only Hunger, begotten of ſome old limber Courtier, in pan'de Hoſe, and nurs'd by an Attorney's Wife; now ſo thriv'n, that he need not fear to be of the great Turk's Guard: is ſo free from all Quarrels and Dangers, ſo full of Hopes, Joys and Ticklings, that my Life is not ſo dear to me as his Acquaintance.

Enter Lazarillo's *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, the Fiſh Head is gone.

Laz. Then be thou henceforth dumb with thy ill-boding Voice.
Farewel, *Milan*, farewel, Noble Duke;
Farewel my Fellow Courtiers all, with whom
I have of yore made many a ſcrambling Meal
In Corners, behind Araſſes, on Stairs;
And in the Action often times have ſpoil'd
Our Doublets and our Hoſe with liquid Stuff:
Farewel you luſty Archers of the Guard,
To whom I now do give the Bucklers up,
And never more with any of your Coat
Will eat for Wagers; now you happy be,
When this ſhall light upon you, think on me:
You Sewers, Carvers, Uſhers of the Court,
Sirnamed gentle for your fair demean,
Here I do take of you my laſt farewel,
May you ſtand ſtifly in your proper places, and execute your Offices aright.
Farewel you Maidens, with your Mother eke,
Farewel you courtly Chaplains that be there,
All good attend you, may you never more
Marry your Patron's Lady's Waiting-woman,
But may you raiſed be by this my Fall,
May *Lazarillo* ſuffer for you all.

Mer. Sir, I was hearkning to you.

Laz. I will hear nothing, I will break my Knife, the Enſign of my former happy State, knock out my Teeth, have them hung at a Barber's, and enter into Religion.

Boy. Why, Sir, I think I know whither it is gone.

Laz See the raſhneſs of Man in his Nature; whither? I do unſay all that I have ſaid, go on, go on, Boy, I humble my ſelf and follow thee; farewel, Sir.

Mer. Not ſo, Sir, you ſhall take a piece of Beef with me.

Laz. I cannot ſtay.

Mer. By my fay but you ſhall, Sir, in regard of your love to Learning, and your skill in the black Art.

Laz.

Laz I do hate Learning, and I have no skill in black Art; I would I had.

Mer. Why your desire is sufficient to me, you shall stay.

Laz. The most horrible and detested curses that can be imagined, light upon all the Professors of that Art; may they be drunk, and when they go to conjure, and reel in the Circle, may the Spirits by them rais'd tear 'em in pieces, and hang their Quarters on old broken Walls and Steeple tops.

Mer. This Speech of yours shews you to have some skill in the Science, wherefore in civility I may not suffer you to depart empty.

Laz. My Stomach is up, I cannot endure it, I will fight in this quarrel as soon as for my Prince. [*Draws his Rapier.*
Room, make way:
Hunger commands, my Valour must obey. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Count and Arrigo.

Count. IS the Duke private?

Arri. He is alone, but I think your Lordship may enter. [*Exit Count.*

Enter Gondarino.

Gond. Who's with the Duke?

Arri. The Count is new gone in; but the Duke will come forth, before you can be weary of waiting.

Gond. I will attend him here.

Arri. I must wait without the Door. [*Exit* Arrigo.

Gond. Doth he hope to clear his Sister? she will come no more to my House, to laugh at me: I have sent her to an Habitation, where when she shall be seen, it will set a gloss upon her Name; yet upon my Soul I have bestow'd her amongst the purest hearted Creatures of her Sex, and the freest from Dissimulation; for their Deeds are all alike, only they dare speak what the rest think: The Women of this Age, if there be any degrees of comparison amongst their Sex, are worse than those of former times; for I have read of Women, of that Truth, Spirit, and Constancy, that were they now living, I should endure to see them; but I fear the Writers of the time belied them, for how familiar a thing is it with the Poets of our Age, to extoll their Whores, which they call Mistresses, with heav'n'ly Praises? but I thank their Furies, and their craz'd Brains, beyond belief: nay, how many that would fain seem serious, have dedicated grave Works to Ladies, toothless, hollow-ey'd, their Hair

Hair ſhedding, purple fac'd, their Nails apparently coming off, and the Bridges of their Noſes broken down, and have call'd them the choice handy-works of Nature, the Patterns of Perfection, and the wonderment of Women. Our Women begin to ſwarm like Bees in the Summer: as I came hither, there was no pair of Stairs, no Entry, no Lobby, but was peſtred with them: methinks there might be ſome courſe taken to deſtroy them.

Enter Arrigo, *and an old deaf Country Gentlewoman, Suitor to the Duke.*

Arri. I do accept your Mony, walk here, and when the Duke comes out, you ſhall have fit opportunity to deliver your Petition to him.

Gentlew. I thank you heartily, I pray you who's he that walks there?

Arri. A Lord, and a Soldier, one in good favour with the Duke; if you could get him to deliver your Petition———

Gentlew. What do you ſay, Sir?

Arri. If you could get him to deliver your Petition for you, or to ſecond you, 'twere ſure.

Gentlew. I hope I ſhall live to requite your kindneſs.

Arri You have already. [*Exit* Arri.

Gentlew. May it pleaſe your Lordſhip———

Gond. No, no.

Gentlew. To conſider the Eſtate———

Gond No.

Gentlew. Of a poor diſtreſſed Country Gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not pleaſe my Lordſhip.

Gentlew. Firſt and foremoſt, I have had great Injury, then I have been brought up to the Town three times.

Gond. A pox on him that brought thee to the Town.

Gentlew. I thank your good Lordſhip heartily; though I cannot hear well, I know it grieves you; and here we have been delay'd, and ſent down again, and fetch'd up again, and ſent down again, to my great charge; and now at laſt they have fetch'd me up, and five of my Daughters———

Gond. Enough to damn five Worlds.

Gentlew. Handſome young Women, though I ſay it, they are all without, if it pleaſe your Lordſhip I'll call them in.

Gond. Five Women! how many of my Senſes ſhould I have left me then? call in five Devils firſt.

No, I will rather walk with thee alone,
And hear thy tedious tale of Injury,
And give thee Anſwers; whiſper in thine Ear,
And make thee underſtand through thy French *hood:*
And all this with tame Patience.

Gentlew.

Gentlew. I see your Lordship does believe that they are without, and I perceive you are much mov'd at our Injury: here's a Paper will tell you more.

Gond. Away.

Gentlew. It may be you had rather hear me tell it *viva voce*, as they say.

Gond. Oh no, no, no, no, I have heard it before.

Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough Injury, for a poor Gentlewoman to receive.

Gond. Never, never, but that it troubles my Conscience to wish any good to these Women, I could afford them to be valiant and able, that it might be no disgrace for a Soldier to beat them.

Gentlew. I hope your Lordship will deliver my Petition to his Grace, and you may tell him withal—— (thee.

Gond. What? I deliver any thing against my self, to be rid on

Gentlew. That yesterday about three a Clock in the Afternoon, I met my Adversary.

Gond. Give me thy Paper, he can abide no long Tales.

Gentlew. 'Tis very short, my Lord, and I demanding of him——

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn, begone: Man never doth remember how great his Offences are, 'till he doth meet with one of you, that plagues him for them: Why should Women, above all other Creatures that were created for the Benefit of Man, have the use of Speech? Or why should any Deed of their, done by their fleshly Appetites, be disgraceful to their Owners? Nay, why should not an Act done by any Beast I keep, against my consent, disparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. Here's some few Angels for your Lordship.

Gond. Again? yet more Torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them. *Gond.* Keep off.

Gentlew. A small Gratuity for your Kindness.

Gond. Hold away.

Gentlew. Why then I thank your Lordship, I'll gather them up again, and I'll be sworn it is the first Money that was refus'd since I came to the Court.

Gond. What can she devise to say more?

Gentlew. Truly I would have willingly parted with them to your Lordship. *Gond.* I believe it, I believe it.

Gentlew. But since it is thus—— *Gond.* More yet.

Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an Answer.

Gond. Do, begone, and thou shalt expect, and have any thing thou shalt have thy answer from him; and he were best to give thee a good one at first, for thy deaf Importunity will conquer him too in the end.

Gentlew

Gentlew. God bleſs your Lordſhip, and all that favour a poor diſtreſſed Country Gentlewoman. [*Exit Gentlew.*

Gond. All the Diſeaſes of Man light upon them that do, and upon me when I do. A Week of ſuch Days would either make me ſtark mad, or tame me: Yonder other Woman, that I have ſure enough, ſhall anſwer for thy Sins: Dare they incenſe me ſtill, I will make them fear as much to be ignorant of me and my mood, as Men are to be ignorant of the Law they live under. Who's there? My Blood grew cold, I began to fear my Suiter's return; 'tis the Duke.

Enter the Duke and the Count.

Count. I know her chaſte, tho' ſhe be young and free,
And is not of that forc'd Behaviour
That many others are; and that this Lord,
Out of the boundleſs Malice to the Sex,
Hath thrown this Scandal on her.

Gond. Fortune befriended me againſt my Will, with this good old Country Gentlewoman. I beſeech your Grace, to view favourably the Petition of a wrong'd Gentlewoman.

Duke. What *Gondarino*, are you become a Petitioner for your Enemies?

Gond. My Lord, they are no Enemies of mine; I confeſs, the better to cover my Deeds, which ſometimes were looſe enough, I pretended it, as it is Wiſdom to keep cloſe our Incontinence; but ſince you have diſcover'd me, I will no more put on that Vizard, but will as freely open all my Thoughts to you, as to my Confeſſor.

Duke. What ſay you to this?

Count. He that confeſſes he did once diſſemble,
I'll never truſt his Words: Can you imagine
A Maid, whoſe Beauty cou'd not ſuffer her
To live thus long untempted, by the nobleſt,
Richeſt, and cunningſt Maſters in that Art,
And yet hath ever held a fair Repute;
Could in one Morning, and by him, be brought
To forget all her Virtue, and turn Whore?

Gond. I would I had ſome other Talk in hand,
Than to accuſe a Siſter to her Brother:
Nor do I mean it for a publick Scandal,
Unleſs by urging me you make it ſo.

Duke. I will read this at better leiſure:
Where is the Lady? *Count.* At his Houſe.

Gond. No, ſhe is departed thence. *Count.* Whither?

Gond. Urge it not thus, or let me be excus'd,
If what I ſpeak betray her Chaſtity,
And both increaſe my Sorrow, and your own?

Count. Fear me not ſo, if ſhe deſerve the Fame

Which

Which ſhe hath gotten, I would have it publiſh'd,
Brand her my ſelf, and whip her through the City:
I wiſh thoſe of my Blood that do offend,
Should be more ſtrictly puniſh'd than my Foes.
Let it be prov'd.

Duke. Gondarino, thou ſhalt prove it, or ſuffer worſe than ſhe ſhould do.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the Faults
Of one I love more dearly than my ſelf,
Since opening hers, I ſhall betray mine own:
But I will bring you where ſhe now intends
Not to be virtuous. Pride and Wantonneſs,
That are true Friends indeed, though not in ſhew,
Have enter'd on her Heart, there ſhe doth bathe,
And ſleek her Hair, and practiſe cunning Looks
To entertain me with; and hath her Thoughts
As full of Luſt, as ever you did think
Them full of Modeſty.

Duke. Gondarino, lead on, we'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pander.

Pan. Here hope I to meet my Citizen, and hopes he to meet his Scholar; I am ſure I am grave enough to his Eyes, and Knave enough to deceive him: I am believ'd to conjure, raiſe Storms and Devils, by whoſe Power I can do Wonders; let him believe ſo ſtill, Belief hurts no Man; I have an honeſt black Cloak for my Knavery, and a general Pardon for his Foolery, from this preſent Day 'till the Day of his Breaking. Is't not a Miſery, and the greateſt of our Age, to ſee a handſom, young, fair enough, and well mounted Wench, humble her ſelf in an old ſtammel Petticoat, ſtanding poſſeſsd of no more Fringe than the Street can allow her: Her upper Parts ſo poor and wanting, that ye may ſee her Bones through her Bodice: Shoes ſhe would have, if our Captain were come over, and is content the while to devote her ſelf to antient Slippers. Theſe Premiſſes well conſider'd, Gentlemen, will move, they make me melt I promiſe ye, they ſtir me much; and were't not for my ſmooth, ſoft, ſilken Citizen, I would quit this tranſitory Trade, get me an everlaſting Robe, ſear up my Conſcience, and turn Serjeant. But here he comes, is mine as good as Prize: Sir *Pandarus* be my ſpeed, ye are moſt fitly met, Sir.

Enter Mercer.

Mer. And you as well encounter'd; what of this Heir? have your Books been propitious?

Pan. Sir, 'tis done, she's come, she's in my House, make your self apt for Courtship, stroke up your Stockings, lose not an Inch of your Legs goodness; I am sure ye wear Socks.

Mer. There your Books fail ye, Sir, in truth I wear no Socks.

Pan. I would you had, Sir, it were the sweeter grace for your Legs; get on your Gloves, are they perfum'd?

Mer. A pretty Wash, I'll assure you.

Pan. 'Twill serve: Your Offers must be full of Bounty, Velvets to furnish a Gown, Silks for Petticoats, and Foreparts Shag for Lining; forget not some pretty Jewel to fasten, after some little Compliment: If she deny this Courtesie, double your Bounties, be not wanting in abundance, fulness of Gifts, link'd with a pleasing Tongue, will win an Anchorite. Sir, ye are my Friend, and Friend to all that profess good Letters; I must not use this Office else; it fits not for a Scholar, and a Gentleman. Those Stockings are of *Naples*, they are Silk.

Mer. Ye are again beside your Text, Sir, they're of the best of Wooll, and the clipped Jersey.

Pan. Sure they are very dear.

Mer. Nine Shillings, by my love to Learning.

Pan. Pardon my Judgment, we Scholars use no other Objects but our Books.

Mer. There is one thing entomb'd in that grave Breast, that makes me equally admire it with your Scholarship.

Pan. Sir, but that in Modesty I am bound not to affect mine own Commendation, I would enquire it of you.

Mer. Sure you are very honest; and yet ye have a kind of modest fear to shew it: do not deny it, that Face of yours is a worthy, learned, modest Face.

Pand. Sir, I can blush.

Mer. Virtue and Grace are always pair'd together: but I will leave to stir your Blood, Sir, and now to our Business.

Pand. Forget not my Instructions.

Mer. I apprehend ye, Sir, I will gather my self together with my best Phrases, and so I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pand. This was well worded, Sir, and like a Scholar.

Mer. The Muses favour me, as my Intents are virtuous; Sir, ye shall be my Tutor: 'tis never too late, Sir, to love Learning. When I can once speak true Latin———

Pand. What do you intend, Sir?

Mer. Marry I will then beggar all your bawdy Writers, and undertake, at the Peril of my own Invention, all Pageants, Poesies for Chimneys, Speeches for the Duke's Entertainment, whensoever and whatsoever; nay, I will build, at mine own Charge, an Hospital, to which shall retire all diseased Opinions, all broken Poets, all Prosemen that are fall'n from small Sense to meer Letters; and it shall

ſhall be lawful for a Lawyer, if he be a civil Man, tho' he have undone others and himſelf by the Language, to retire to this poor Life, and learn to be honeſt.

Pand. Sir, ye are very good, and very charitable; ye are a true Pattern for the City, Sir.

Mer. Sir, I do know ſufficiently, their Shop-books cannot ſave them, there is a farther end———

Pand. Oh, Sir, much may be done by Manuſcript.

Mer. I do confeſs it, Sir, provided ſtill they be canonical, and I have ſome worthy Hands ſet to 'em for probation: but we forget our ſelves.

Pand. Sir, enter when you pleaſe, and all good Language tip your Tongue.

Mer. All that love Learning pray for my good Succeſs. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lazarillo *and his Boy.*

Laz. Whereabouts are we?

Boy. Sir, by all Tokens this is the Houſe, bawdy I am ſure, becauſe of the broken Windows, the Fiſh Head is within, if ye dare venture, here you may ſurprize it.

Laz. The Miſery of Man may fitly be compar'd to a Didapper, who when ſhe is under Water, paſt our Sight, and indeed can ſeem no more to us, riſes again, ſhakes but her ſelf, and is the ſame ſhe was; ſo is it ſtill with tranſitory Man: This Day, oh but an Hour ſince, and I was mighty, mighty in Knowledge, mighty in my Hopes, mighty in bleſſed Means, and was ſo truly happy, that I durſt have ſaid, live *Lazarillo*, and be ſatisfy'd, but now——

Boy. Sir, ye are yet afloat, and may recover, be not your own Wreck, here lyes the Harbour, go in and ride at Eaſe.

Laz. Boy, I am receiv'd to be a Gentleman, a Courtier, and a Man of Action, modeſt, and wiſe, and be it ſpoken with thy reverence, Child, abounding virtuous; and wouldſt thou have a Man of theſe choice Habits, covet the Cover of a Bawdy-houſe? yet if I go not in, I am but——— *Boy.* But what, Sir?

Laz. Duſt Boy, but Duſt; and my Soul, unſatisfy'd, ſhall haunt the Keepers of my bleſſed Saint, and I will appear.

Boy. An Aſs to all men; Sir, theſe are no Means to ſtay your Appetite, you muſt reſolve to enter.

Laz. Were not the Houſe ſubject to Martial Law———

Boy. If that be all, Sir, ye may enter, for ye can know nothing here that the Court is ignorant of, only the more Eyes ſhall look upon you, for there they wink one at anothers Faults.

Laz. If I do not.

Boy. Then ye muſt beat fairly back again, fall to your phyſical

Meſs of Porridge, and the twice ſack'd Carkaſs of a Capon: Fortune may favour you ſo much, to ſend the Bread to it; but it's a meer Venture, and Mony may be put out upon it.

Laz. I will go in and live; pretend ſome Love to the Gentlewoman, ſcrew my ſelf in Affection, and ſo be ſatisfy'd.

Pan. This Flie is caught, is maſh'd already, I will ſuck him, and lay him by.

Boy. Muffle your ſelf in your Cloak by any means, 'tis a receiv'd thing among Gallants, to walk to their Leachery, as though they had the Rheum, 'twas well you brought not your Horſe.

Laz. Why, Boy?

Boy. Faith, Sir, 'tis the Faſhion of our Gentry, to have their Horſes wait at Door like Men, while the Beaſts their Maſters are within at Rack and manger, 'twould have diſcover'd much.

Laz. I will lay by theſe Habits, Forms, and grave Reſpects of what I am, and be my ſelf; only my Appetite, my Fire, my Soul, my Being, my dear Appetite ſhall go along with me, arm'd with whoſe Strength I fearleſs will attempt the greateſt Danger dare oppoſe my Fury: I am reſolv'd where-ever that thou art, moſt ſacred Diſh, hid from unhallow'd Eyes, to find thee out.

Be'ſt thou in Hell, rap't by *Proſerpina*,
To be a Rival in black *Pluto*'s Love,
Or mov'ſt thou in the Heav'ns, a Form divine,
Laſhing the laſie Sphear;
Or if thou be'ſt return'd to thy firſt Being,
Thy Mother Sea, then will I ſeek thee forth,
Earth, Air, nor Fire,
Nor the black Shades below ſhall bar my ſight,
So daring is my powerful Appetite.

Boy. Sir, you may ſave this long Voyage, and take a ſhorter cut; you have forgot your ſelf, the Fiſh Head's here, your own Imaginations have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous Fury, good my Boy.

Boy. Faith, Sir, term it what you will, you muſt uſe other Terms before you can get it.

Laz. The Looks of my ſweet Love are fair,
Freſh and feeding as the Air.

Boy. Sir, you forget your ſelf.

Laz. Was never ſeen ſo rare a Head,
Of any Fiſh alive or dead.

Boy. Good Sir, remember; this is the Houſe, Sir.

Laz. Curſed be he that dare not venture,

Boy. Pity your ſelf, Sir, and leave this Fury.

Laz. For ſuch a Prize, and ſo I enter. [*Ex.* Laz. *and Boy.*

Pan. Dun's i'th' Mire, get out again how he can:
My honeſt Gallant, I'll ſhew you one Trick more

Than

Than e'er the Fool your Father dream'd of yet.
Madona Julia?

Enter Madona Julia, *a Whore.*

Jul. What News my ſweet Rogue, my dear Sins-broker, what good News? *Pan.* There is a kind of ignorant thing,
Much like a Courtier, now gone in.

Jul. Is he gallant?

Pan. He ſhines not very glorioully, nor does he wear one Skin perfum'd to keep the other ſweet; his Coat is not in *Or*, nor does the World run yet on Wheels with him. He's rich enough, and has a ſmall thing follows him, like to a Boat ty'd to a tall Ship's Tail: Give him entertainment, be light and flaſhing like a Meteor, hug him about the Neck, give him a Kiſs, and liſping cry, good Sir, and he's thine own, as faſt as he were tyed to thine Arms by Indenture.

Jul. I dare do more than this, if he be o'th' true Court cut; I'll take him out a Leſſon worth the Learning; but we are but their Apes: What's he worth?

Pan. Be he rich, or poor; if he will take thee with him, thou may'ſt uſe thy Trade from Conſtables, and Marſhals; who hath been here ſince I went out?

Jul. There is a Gentlewoman ſent hither by a Lord, ſhe's a Piece of dainty Stuff my Rogue, ſmooth and ſoft, as new Satten; ſhe was never gumm'd yet Boy, nor fretted. *Pan.* Where lies ſhe?

Jul. She lies above, towards the Street, not to be ſpoke with, but by my Lord that ſent her, or ſome from him, we have in charge from his Servants.

Enter Lazarillo.

Pan. Peace, he comes out again upon Diſcovery; up with all your Canvas, hale him in; and when thou haſt done, clap him aboard bravely, my valiant Pinnace.

Jul. Be gone, I ſhall do Reaſon with him.

Laz. Are you the ſpecial Beauty of this Houſe?

Jul. Sir, you have given it a more ſpecial Regard by your good Language, than theſe black Brows can merit.

Laz. Lady, you are fair.

Jul. Fair, Sir, I thank ye; all the poor Means I have left to be thought grateful, is but a Kiſs, and ye ſhall have it, Sir.

Laz. Ye have a very moving Lip.

Jul. Prove it again, Sir, it may be your Senſe was ſet too high, and ſo over-wrought it ſelf.

Laz. 'Tis ſtill the ſame; how far may ye hold the time to be ſpent, Lady? *Jul.* Four a Clock, Sir. *Laz.* I have not eat to Day.

Jul. You will have the better Stomach to your Supper; in the mean time I'll feed you with Delight.

Laz. 'Tis not ſo good upon an empty Stomach: If it might be without the trouble of your Houſe, I would eat.

Jul

Jul. Sir, we can have a Capon ready.

Laz. The Day? *Jul.* 'Tis *Fryday*, Sir.

Laz. I do eat little Fleſh upon theſe Days.

Jul. Come Sweet, ye ſhall not think on Meat; I'll drown it with a better Appetite.

Laz. I feel it work more ſtrangely, I muſt eat.

Jul. 'Tis now too late to ſend; I ſay ye ſhall not think on Meat, if ye do, by this Kiſs I'll be angry.

Laz. I could be far more ſprightful, had I eaten, and more laſting.

Jul. What will you have, Sir? Name but the Fiſh, my Maid ſhall bring it, if it may be got.

Laz. Methinks your Houſe ſhould not be ſo unfurniſh'd, as not to have ſome pretty Modicum.

Jul. It is now; but could ye ſtay 'till Supper?

Laz. Sure I have offended highly, and much, and my Afflictions makes it manifeſt, I will retire henceforth, and keep my Chamber, live privately, and die forgotten.

Jul. Sir I muſt crave your Pardon, I had forgot my ſelf; I have a Diſh of Meat within, and it is a Fiſh: I think this Dukedom holds not a daintier; 'tis an *Umbrano*'s Head.

Laz. This Kiſs is yours, and this. (on it.

Jul. Ho? Within there? Cover the Board, and ſet the Fiſh Head

Laz. Now am I ſo truly happy, ſo much above all Fate and Fortune, that I ſhould deſpiſe that Man, durſt ſay, remember *Lazarillo*, thou art mortal.

Enter Intelligencers with a Guard.

2 *Int.* This is the Villain, lay hold on him.

Laz. Gentlemen, why am I thus intreated? What is the nature of my Crime?

2 *Int.* Sir, though you have carried it a great while privately, and (as you think) well; yet we have ſeen you, Sir and we know thee *Lazarillo*, for a Traitor. *Laz* The Gods defend our Duke. (ter.

2 *Int.* Amen, Sir, Sir, this cannot ſave that ſtiff-Neck from the Hal-

Jul. Gentlemen, I am glad you have diſcover'd him, he ſhould not have eaten under my Roof for twenty Pounds; and ſurely I did not like him, when he call'd for Fiſh.

Laz. My Friends, will ye let me have that little Favour——

1 *Int.* Sir, ye ſhall have Law, and nothing elſe.

Laz. To let me ſtay the eating of a Bit or two, for I proteſt I am yet faſting. *Jul.* I'll have no Traitor come within my Houſe.

Laz. Now could I wiſh my ſelf I had been a Traitor, I have Strength enough for to endure it, had I but Patience: Man thou art but Graſs, thou art a Bubble, and thou muſt periſh.

Then lead along, I am prepar'd for all:
Since I have loſt my Hopes, welcome my Fall.

2 *Int.* Away Sir.

Laz,

Laz. As thou haſt hope of Man, ſtay but this Diſh this two Hours, I doubt not I ſhall be diſcharged: By this Light I will marry thee.

Jul. You ſhall marry me firſt then.

Laz. I do contract my ſelf unto thee now, before theſe Gentlemen.

Jul. I'll preſerve it 'till you be hang'd or quitted.

Laz. Thanks, Thanks.

2 *Int.* Away, away, you ſhall thank her at the Gallows.

Laz. Adieu, adieu. [*Exeunt* Laz. 2 *Int. and Guard.*

Jul. If he live I'll have him, if he be hang'd there's no Loſs in it. [*Exit.*

Enter Oriana *and her Waiting-woman looking out at a Window.*

Ori. Haſt thou provided one to bear my Letter to my Brother?

Wait. I have enquir'd, but they of the Houſe will ſuffer no Letter nor Meſſage to be carried from you, but ſuch as the Lord *Gondarino* ſhall be acquainted with: Truly, Madam, I ſuſpect the Houſe to be no better than it ſhould be. *Ori.* What doſt thou doubt?

Wait. Faith I am loath to tell it, Madam.

Ori. Out with it, 'tis not true Modeſty to fear to ſpeak that thou doſt think.

Wait. I think it to be one of theſe Bawdy-houſes.

Ori. 'Tis no matter Wench, we are warm in it, keep thou thy Mind pure, and upon my Word, that Name will do thee no Hurt: I cannot force my ſelf yet to fear any thing; when I do get out, I'll another encounter with my Woman-Hater. Here will I ſit. I may get ſight of ſome of my Friends, it muſt needs be a Comfort to them to ſee me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, *Count, and* Arrigo.

Gond. Are we all ſufficiently diſguis'd? For this Houſe where ſhe attends me, is not to be viſited in our own Shapes.

Duke. We are not our ſelves.

Arri. I know the Houſe to be ſinful enough, yet I have been heretofore, and durſt now, but for diſcovering of you, appear here in my own Likeneſs. *Duke.* Where's *Lucio*?

Arri. My Lord, he ſaid the Affairs of the Common-wealth would not ſuffer him to attend always.

Duke. Some great ones queſtionleſs that he will handle.

Count. Come let us enter.

Gond. See how Fortune ſtrives to revenge my Quarrel upon theſe Women, ſhe's in the Window, were it not to undo her, I ſhould not look upon her. *Duke.* Lead us, *Gondarino.*

Gond. Stay, ſince you force me to diſplay my Shame,
Look there, and you, my Lord, know you that Face?

Duke. Is't ſhe? *Count.* It is.

Gond. 'Tis ſhe, whoſe greateſt Virtue ever was
Diſſimulation; ſhe that ſtill hath ſtrove
More to ſin cunningly, than to avoid it:
She that hath ever ſought to be accounted

Moſt

Moſt virtuous, when ſhe did deſerve moſt Scandal:
'Tis ſhe that itches now, and in the height
Of her intemperate Thoughts, with greedy Eyes
Expects my coming to allay her Luſt:
Leave her, forget ſhe's thy Siſter. *Count.* Stay, ſtay.

Duke. I am as full of this as thou canſt be,
The Memory of this will eaſily
Hereafter ſtay my looſe and wandring Thought
From any Woman.

Count. This will not down with me, I dare not truſt this Fellow.

Duke. Leave her here, that only ſhall be her Puniſhment, never to be fetch'd from hence; but let her uſe her Trade to get her living.

Count. Stay, good my Lord, I do believe all this, as great Men as I have had known Whores to their Siſters, and have laught at it: I would fain hear how ſhe talks, ſince ſhe grew thus light: Will your Grace make him ſhew himſelf to her, as if he were now come to ſatisfie her longing! whilſt we, unſeen of her, over-hear her Wantonneſs, let's make our beſt of it now, we ſhall have good (Mirth.

Duke. Do it, *Gondarino.*

Gond. I muſt; Fortune aſſiſt me but this once.

Count. Here we ſhall ſtand unſeen, and near enough.

Gond. Madam, *Oriana.*

Ori. Who's that? oh! my Lord? *Gond.* Shall I come up?

Ori. Oh you are merry, ſhall I come down?

Gond. It is better there.

Ori. What is the confeſſion of the lye you made to the Duke which I ſcarce believe, yet you had impudence enough to do? did it not gain you ſo much Faith with me, as that I was willing to be at your Lordſhip's beſtowing, 'till you had recover'd my Credit, and confeſs'd your ſelf a Lyar, as you pretended to do? I confeſs I began to fear you, and deſir'd to be out of your Houſe, but your own Followers forc'd me hither.

Gond. 'Tis well ſuſpected, diſſemble ſtill, for there are ſome may hear us.

Ori. More tricks yet, my Lord? what Houſe this is I know not, I only know my ſelf: it were a great Conqueſt, if you could faſten a ſcandal upon me: 'faith my Lord, give me leave to write to my Brother.

Duke. Come down. *Count.* Come down.

Arri. If it pleaſe your Grace, there's a back Door.

Count. Come meet us there then.

Duke. It ſeems you are acquainted with the Houſe.

Arri. I have been in it. *Gond.* She ſaw you, and diſſembled.

Duke. Sir, we ſhall know that better.

Gond. Bring me unto her, if I prove her not
To be a Strumpet, let me be contemn'd
Of all her Sex. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lucio.

Luc. NOw whilſt the young Duke follows his delights,
We that do mean to practiſe in the State,
Muſt pick our times, and ſet our Faces in,
And nod our Heads as it may prove moſt fit
For the main good of the dear Common-wealth:
Who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord?

Luc. Secretary, fetch the Gown I uſe to read Petitions in, and the Standiſh I anſwer *French* Letters with; and call in the Gentleman that attends: [*Exit Servant.*
Little know they that do not deal in State,
How many things there are to be obſerv'd,
Which ſeem but little; yet by one of us
(Whoſe Brains do wind about the Common-wealth)
Neglected, cracks our Credits utterly.

Enter Gentleman and a Servant.

Sir, but that I do preſume upon your Secreſie, I would not have appear'd to you thus ignorantly attir'd without a Tooth-pick in a Ribbond, or a Ring in my Band-ſtring.

Gent. Your Lordſhip ſend for me?

Luc. I did: Sir, your long practice in the State, under a great Man, hath led you to much Experience.

Gent. My Lord.

Luc. Suffer not your Modeſty to excuſe it; in ſhort, and in private, I deſire your direction. I take my Study already to be furniſh'd after a grave and wiſe method.

Gent. What will this Lord do?

Luc. My Book-ſtrings are ſuitable, and of a reaching Colour.

Gent. How's this?

Luc. My Standiſh of Wood, ſtrange and ſweet, and my fore flap hangs in the right place, and as near *Machiavel's*, as can be gathered by Tradition.

Gent. Are there ſuch Men as will ſay nothing abroad, and play the Fools in their Lodgings? this Lord muſt be followed. And hath your Lordſhip ſome new made words to ſcatter in your Speeches in publick, to gain note, that the Hearers may carry them away, and diſpute of them at Dinner?

Luc. I have, Sir: and beſides, my ſeveral Gowns and Caps agreeable to my ſeveral occaſions.

Gent. 'Tis well, and you have learn'd to write a bad Hand, that the Readers may take pains for it.

Luc. Yes, Sir, and I give out I have the Palſie.

Gent. Good, 'twere better though if you had it: your Lordſhip hath a Secretary that can write fair, when you purpoſe to be underſtood.

Luc. 'Faith, Sir, I have one, there he ſtands, he hath been my Secretary theſe ſeven Years, but he hath forgotten to write.

Gent. If he can make a writing Face, it is not amiſs, ſo he keep his own Counſel: your Lordſhip hath no hope of the Gout?

Luc. Uh, little, Sir, ſince the pain in my right Foot left me.

Gent. 'Twill be ſome ſcandal to your Wiſdom, though I ſee your Lordſhip knows enough in publick buſineſs.

Luc. I am not employ'd (though to my deſert) in Occaſions Foreign, nor frequented for Matters Domeſtical.

Gent. Not frequented? what courſe takes your Lordſhip?

Luc. The readieſt way, my Door ſtands wind, my Secretary knows I am not denied to any.

Gent. In this (give me leave) your Lordſhip is out of the way; make a back Door to let out Intelligencers; ſeem to be ever buſie, and put your Door under Keepers, and you ſhall have a Troop of Clients ſweating to come at you.

Luc. I have a back Door already, I will henceforth be buſie. Secretary, run and keep the Door. [*Exit Secretary.*

Gent. This will fetch 'em. *Luc.* I hope ſo.

Enter Secretary.

Secr. My Lord, there are ſome require acceſs to you, about weighty Affairs of State.

Luc. Already? *Gent.* I told you ſo.

Luc. How weighty is the buſineſs? *Secr.* Treaſon, my Lord.

Luc. Sir, my Debts to you for this are great.

Gent. I will leave your Lordſhip now.

Luc. Sir, my Death muſt be ſudden, if I requite you not; at the back Door, good Sir.

Gent. I will be your Lordſhip's Intelligencer for once.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter Secretary.

Secr. My Lord.

Luc. Let 'em in, and ſay I am at my Study.

Enter Lazarillo, *and two Intelligencers*, Lucio *being at his Study.*

1 *Int.* Where is your Lord?

Secr. At his Study, but he will have you brought in.

Laz. Why Gentlemen, what will you charge me withal?

2 *Int.* Treaſon, horrible Treaſon, I hope to have the leading of thee to Priſon, and prick thee on i'th' Arſe with a Halbert; to have him hang'd that ſalutes thee, and call all thoſe in queſtion that ſpit not upon thee.

Laz.

Laz. My Thread is ſpun, yet might I but call for this Diſh of Meat at the Gallows, inſtead of a Pſalm, it were to be endur'd; the Curtain opens, now my end draws on. [*Secretary draws the Curtain.*

Luc. Gentlemen, I am not empty of weighty occaſions at this time; I pray you your buſineſs.

1 *Int.* My Lord, I think we have diſcover'd one of the moſt bloody Traitors that ever the World held.

Luc. Signior *Lazarillo*, I am glad ye are one of this diſcovery, give me your Hand.

2 *Int.* My Lord, that is the Traitor.

Luc. Keep him off, I would not for my whole Eſtate have touch'd (him.

Laz. My Lord.

Luc. Peace, Sir, I know the Devil is at your Tongue's end, to furniſh you with Speeches: What are the particulars you charge him with? [*They deliver a Paper to* Lucio, *who reads.*

Both Int. We conferr'd our Notes, and have extracted that which we will juſtifie upon our Oaths.

Luc. That he would be greater than the Duke, that he had caſt Plots for this, and meant to corrupt ſome to betray him, that he would burn the City, kill the Duke, and poiſon the Privy-Council, and laſtly kill himſelf. Though thou deſerv'ſt to be hang'd with ſilence, yet I allow thee to ſpeak, be ſhort.

Laz. My Lord, ſo may my greateſt wiſh ſucceed,
So may I live, and compaſs what I ſeek,
As I had never Treaſon in my Thoughts,
Nor ever did conſpire the overthrow
Of any Creatures but of brutiſh Beaſts,
Fowls, Fiſhes, and ſuch other human Food,
As is provided for the good of Man.
If ſtealing Cuſtards, Tarts, and Florentines
By ſome late Statute be created Treaſon,
How many Fellow Courtiers can I bring,
Whoſe long Attendance and Experience
Hath made them deeper in the Plot than I?

Luc. Peace: Such hath ever been the Clemency of my gracious Maſter the Duke, in all his Proceedings, that I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly, that Malice would long e'er this have hid her ſelf in her Den, and have turn'd her own Sting againſt her own Heart: But I well perceive, that ſo froward is the Diſpoſition of a deprav'd Nature, that it doth not only ſeek Revenge, where it hath receiv'd Injury, but many times thirſt after their Deſtruction, where it hath met with Benefits.

Laz. But my good Lord——— 2 *Int.* Let's gag him.

Luc. Peace again: but many times thirſt after Deſtruction, where it hath met with Benefits; there I left: Such, and no better are the Buſineſs that we have now in hand.

1 *Int.* He's excellently ſpoken.

2 *Int* He'll wind a Traitor, I warrant him.

Luc. But ſurely methinks, ſetting aſide the touch of Conſcience, and all inward Convulſions.

2 *Int.* He'll be hang'd, I know by that word.

Laz. Your Lordſhip may conſider———.

Luc. Hold thy peace: thou canſt not anſwer this Speech; no Traitor can anſwer it: But becauſe you cannot anſwer this Speech, I take it you have confeſs'd the Treaſon.

1 *Int.* The Count *Valore* was the firſt that diſcover'd him, and can witneſs it; but he left the matter to your Lordſhip's grave Conſideration.

Luc. I thank his Lordſhip, carry him away ſpeedily to the Duke.

Laz. Now, *Lazarillo*, thou art tumbl'd down
The Hill of Fortune, with a violent Arm;
All Plagues that can be, Famine and the Sword,
Will light upon thee; black Deſpair will boil
In thy deſpairing Breaſt; no Comfort by,
Thy Friends far off, thy Enemies are nigh.

Luc. Away with him, I'll follow you; look you Pinion him, and take his Mony from him, leſt he ſwallow a Shilling, and kill himſelf. 2 *Int.* Get thou on before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Duke, the Count, Gondarino *and* Arrigo.

Duke. Now, *Gondarino*, what can you put on now
That may deceive us?
Have ye more ſtrange Illuſions, yet more Miſts,
Through which the weak Eye may be led to Error?
What can ye ſay that may do Satisfaction
Both for her wrong'd Honour, and your Ill?

Gond. All I can ſay, or may, is ſaid already:
She is unchaſte, or elſe I have no knowledge,
I do not breathe, nor have the uſe of Senſe.

Duke. Dare ye be yet ſo wilful, ignorant of your own
Nakedneſs? Did not your Servants,
In mine own hearing, confeſs
They brought her to that Houſe we found her in,
Almoſt by force; and with a great diſtruſt
Of ſome enſuing Hazard?

Count. He that hath begun ſo worthily,
It fits not with his Reſolution
To leave off thus, my Lord; I know theſe are but idle Proofs.
What ſays your Lordſhip to them?

Gond.

Gond. Count, I dare yet pronounce again, thy Sister is not honest.

Count. You are your self, my Lord, I like your settledness.

Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienc'd in the dark hidden ways of Women: Thou dar'st affirm with confidence, a Lady of fifteen may be a Maid.

Count. Sir, if it were not so, I have a Sister would set near my Heart.

Gond Let her sit near her Shame, it better fits her: call back the Blood that made our stream in nearness, and turn the Current to a better use; 'tis too much mudded, I do grieve to know it.

Duke. Dar'st thou make up again, dar'st thou turn Face, knowing we know thee; hast thou not been discover'd openly? did not our Ears hear her deny thy courtings? did we not see her blush with modest Anger, to be so overtaken by a trick; can ye deny this, Lord?

Gond. Had not your Grace, and her kind Brother
Been within level of her Eye,
You should have had a hotter Volley from her,
More full of Blood and Fire, ready to leap the Window where she stood.
So truly sensual is her Appetite.

Duke. Sir, Sir, these are but words and tricks, give me the proof.

Count. What need a better proof than your Lordship?
I am sure ye have lain with her, my Lord.

Gond. I have confess'd it, Sir.

Duke. I dare not give thee credit without witness.

Gond. Does your Grace think we carry Seconds with us, to search us, and see fair play: your Grace hath been ill tutor'd in the business; but if you hope to try her truly, and satisfie your self what frailty is, give her the Test: do not remember, Count, she is your Sister; nor let my Lord the Duke believe she is fair; but put her to it without hope or pity, then ye shall see that Golden Form fly off, that all Eyes wonder at for pure and fixt, and under't base blushing Copper; Mettal not worth the meanest Honour: you shall behold her then, my Lord, transparent, look through her Heart, and view the Spirits how they leap, and tell me then I did belie the Lady.

Duke. It shall be done: Come, *Gondarino*, bear us Company,
We do believe thee: she shall die, and thou shalt see it.

Enter Lazarillo, *two Intelligencers and Guard.*

How now my Friends, who have you guarded hither?

2 *Int.* So please your Grace, we have discover'd a Villain and a Traitor: the Lord *Lucio* hath examin'd him, and sent him to your Grace for Judgment.

Count. My Lord, I dare absolve him from all Sin of Treason: I know his most Ambition is but a Dish of Mear, which he hath hunted

ted with so true a Scent, that he deserveth the Collar, not the Halter.

Duke. Why do they bring him thus bound up? the poor Man had more need have some warm Meat, to comfort his cold Stomach.

Count. Your Grace shall have the Cause hereafter, when you shall laugh more freely:
But these are call'd Informers; Men that live by Treason, as Rat-catchers do by Poison.

Duke. Would there were no heavier Prodigies hung over us, than this poor Fellow, I durst redeem all Perils ready to pour themselves upon this State, with a cold Custard.

Count. Your Grace might do it without danger to your Person.

Laz. My Lord, if ever I intended Treason against your Person, or the State, unless it were by wishing from your Table some Dish of Meat, which I must needs confess was not a Subject's part; or coveting by stealth Sups from those noble Bottles, that no Mouth, keeping Allegiance true, should dare to taste: I must confess, with more than covetous Eye, I have beheld those dear conceal'd Dishes, that have been brought in by cunning Equipage, to wait upon your Grace's Pallat: I do confess, out of this present heat, I have had Stratagems and Ambuscado's, but, God be thanked, they have never took.

Duke. Count, this Business is your own; when you have done, repair to us. [*Exit Duke.*

Count. I will attend your Grace: *Lazarillo*, you are at liberty, be your own Man again; and if you can be Master of your Wishes, I wish it may be so.

Laz. I humbly thank your Lordship: I must be unmannerly, I have some present Business, once more I heartily thank your Lordship. [*Exit* Lazarillo.

Count. Now even a word or two to you, and so farewel; you think you have deserv'd much of this State by this Discovery: Y'are a slavish People, grown subject to the common Course of all Men. How much unhappy were that noble Spirit, could work by such baser Gains? What Misery would not a knowing Man put on with willingness, e'er he see himself grown fat and full fed, by fall of those you rise by? I do discharge ye my Attendance; our healthful State needs no such Leeches to suck out her Blood.

1 *Int.* I do beseech your Lordship. 2 *Int.* Good my Lord.

Count. Go learn to be more honest; when I see you work your means from honest Industry, [*Exeunt Informers.*
I will be willing to accept your Labours;
'Till then I will keep back my promis'd Favours:
Here comes another Remnant of Folly:

Enter Lucio.

I must dispatch him too. Now Lord *Lucio*, what Business brings you hither?

Luc.

Luc. Faith, Sir, I am discovering what will become of that notable piece of Treason, intended by that Varlet *Lazarillo*; I have sent him to the Duke for Judgment.

Count. Sir, you have perform'd the part of a most careful Statesman, and let me say it to your Face, Sir, of a Father to this State: I would wish you to retire, and insconce your self in Study; for such is your daily labour, and our fear, that your loss of an Hour may breed our Overthrow.

Luc. Sir, I will be commanded by your Judgment, and though I find it a Trouble scant to be waded through, by these weak Years; yet for the dear Care of the Common-wealth, I will bruise my Brains, and confine my self to much Vexation.

Count. Go, and mayst thou knock down Treason like an Ox.

Luc. Amen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mercer, Pander, *and* Franciffina.

Mer. Have I spoke thus much in the Honour of Learning? learn'd the Names of the seven liberal Sciences, before my Marriage; and since, have in haste written Epistles congratulatory to the nine Muses, and is she prov'd a Whore and a Beggar?

Pan. 'Tis true, you are not now to be taught, that no Man can be learn'd of a sudden; let not your first Project discourage you, what you have lost in this, you may get gain in Alchumie.

Fran. Fear not Husband, I hope to make as good a Wife, as the best of your Neighbours have, and as honest.

Mer. I will go home; good Sir, do not publish this; as long as it runs amongst our selves, 'tis good honest Mirth: You'll come home to Supper; I mean to have all her Friends, and mine, as ill as it goes.

Pan. Do wisely, Sir, and bid your own Friends, your whole Wealth will scarce feast all hers, neither is it for your Credit to walk the Streets with a Woman so noted; get you home and provide her Cloaths; let her come an Hour hence with an Hand-basket, and shift her self, she'll serve to sit at the upper end of the Table, and drink to your Customers.

Mer. Art is just, and will make me amends.

Pan. No doubt, Sir.

Mer. The chief note of a Scholar, you say, is to govern his Passions; wherefore I do take all patiently; in sign of which, my dear Wife, I do kiss thee, make haste home after me, I shall be in my Study. [*Exit Mercer.*

Pan. Go, avaunt, my new City Dame, send me what you promis'd me for Consideration, and may'st thou prove a Lady.

Fran. Thou shalt have it, his Silks shall flie for it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lazarillo *and his Boy.*

Laz. How sweet is a Calm after a Tempest, what is there now that can stand betwixt me and Felicity? I have gone through all my Crosses

Croſſes conſtantly; have confounded my Enemies, and know where to have my Longing ſatisfy'd: I have my way before me, there's the Door, and I may freely walk into my Delights: Knock, Boy.

Jul. within. Who's there?

Laz. Madona, my Love, not guilty, not guilty, open the Door.

Enter Julia.

Jul. Art thou come, Sweet-heart?

Laz. Yes, to my ſoft Embraces, and the reſt of my overflowing Bliſſes; come, let us in and ſwim in our Delights; a ſhort Grace as we go, and ſo to Meat.

Jul. Nay, my dear Love, you muſt bear with me in this; we'll to the Church firſt.

Laz. Shall I be ſure of it then?

Jul. By my Love you ſhall.

Laz. I am content, for I do now wiſh to hold off longer, to whet my Appetite, and do deſire to meet with more Troubles, ſo I might conquer them;

And as a holy Lover that hath ſpent
The tedious Night with many a Sigh and Tears,
Whilſt he purſu'd his Wench, and hath obſerv'd
The Smiles and Frowns, not daring to diſpleaſe
When at laſt, hath with his Service won
Her yielding Heart; that ſhe begins to dote
Upon him, and can hold no longer out,
But hangs about his Neck, and woes him more
Than ever he deſir'd her Love before:
Then begins to flatter his Deſert
And growing wanton, needs will caſt her off;
Try her, pick Quarrels, to breed freſh Delight,
And to encreaſe his pleaſing Appetite.

Jul. Come Mouſe, will you walk?

Laz. I pray thee let me be deliver'd of the Joy I am ſo big with, I do feel that high Heat within me, that I begin to doubt whether I be mortal:

How I contemn my Fellows in the Court,
With whom I did but yeſterday converſe?
And in a lower, and an humbler Key,
Did walk and moderate on groſſer Meats?
There they are ſtill poor Rogues, ſhaking their Chops,
And ſneaking after Cheeſes, and do run
Headlong in Chaſe of every Jack of Beer
That croſſeth them, in hope of ſome Repaſt
That it will bring them to; whilſt I am here,
The happieſt Wight that ever ſet his Tooth
To a dear Novelty: Approach my Love,

Come,

Come let's go to knit the true Love's Knot,
That never can be broken.

Boy. That is, to marry a Whore.

Laz. When that is done, then will we taſte the Gift,
Which Fates have ſent my Fortunes up to liſt.

Boy. When that is done, you'll begin to repent upon a full Stomach; but I ſee, 'tis but a Form in Deſtiny, not to be alter'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Arrigo *and* Oriana.

Ori. Sir, what may be the Current of your Buſiueſs, that thus you ſingle out your Time and Place?

Arri. Madam, the Buſineſs now impos'd upon me, concerns you nearly, I wiſh no worſer Man might finiſh it.

Ori. Why are ye chang'd ſo? Are ye not well, Sir?

Arri. Yes, Madam, I am well, wou'd you were ſo.

Ori. Why, Sir, I feel my ſelf in perfect Health.

Arri. And yet ye cannot live long, Madam.

Ori. Why, good *Arrigo*?

Arri. Why? ye muſt die.

Ori. I know I muſt, but yet my Fate calls not upon me.

Arri. It does; this Hand the Duke commands ſhall give you Death.

Ori. Heav'n, and the Powers divine, guard well the Innocent.

Arri. Lady, your Prayers may do your Soul ſome good.
That ſure your Body cannot merit by 'em:
You muſt prepare to die.

Ori. What's my Offence? What have theſe Years committed,
That may be dangerous to the Duke or State?
Have I conſpir'd by Poiſon, have I giv'n up,
My Honour to ſome looſe unſettled Blood
That may give Action to my Plots?
Dear Sir, let me not die ignorant of my Faults.

Arri. Ye ſhall not.
Then Lady, you muſt know, you're held unhoneſt;
The Duke, your Brother, and your Friends in Court,
With too much Grief condemn ye; though to me
The Fault deſerves not to be paid with Death.

Ori. Who's my Accuſer? *Arri.* Lord *Gondarino.*

Ori. Arrigo, take theſe Words, and bear them to the Duke,
It is the laſt Petition I ſhall ask thee.
Tell him the Child this preſent Hour brought forth
To ſee the World has not a Soul more pure, more white, more Virgin than I have; tell him, Lord *Gondarino*'s Plot I ſuffer for and willingly; tell him it had been a greater Honour, to have ſav'd than kill'd; but I have done: Strike, I'm arm'd for Heav'n.
Why ſtay you? Is there any Hope?

Arri. I would not ſtrike.

Ori. Have you the Pow'r to ſave?

Arri. With Hazard of my Life, if it ſhould be known.

Ori. You will not venture that?

Arri. I will, Lady; there is that Means yet to eſcape your Death, if you can wiſely apprehend.

Ori. Ye dare not be ſo kind?

Arri. I dare, and will, if you dare but deſerve't.

Ori. If I ſhould ſlight my Life, I were to blame.

Arri. Then, Madam, this is the Means, or elſe you die: I love you.

Ori. I ſhall believe it, if you ſave my Life.

Arri. And you muſt lie with me.

Ori. I dare not buy my Life ſo.

Arri. Come, ye muſt reſolve, ſay yea or no.

Ori. Then no; nay, look not ruggedly upon me,
I am made up too ſtrong to fear ſuch Looks:
Come do your Butcher's part; before I would wiſh Life, with the dear loſs of Honour, I dare find means to free my ſelf.

Arri. Speak, will ye yield?

Ori. Villain, I will not; Murtherer, do the worſt thy baſe unnoble Thoughts dare prompt thee to; I am above thee, Slave.

Arri. Wilt thou not be drawn to yield by fair Perſwaſions?

Ori. No, nor by———

Arri. Peace, know your Doom then; your Ladiſhip muſt remember you are not now at home, where you dare feaſt all that come about you; but you are fallen under my Mercy, which ſhall be but ſmall; if thou refuſe to yield: Hear what I have ſworn unto my ſelf; I will enjoy thee, though it be between the parting of thy Soul and Body; yield yet and live.

Ori. I'll guard the one, let Heav'n guard the other.

Arri. Are you ſo reſolute then?

Duke from above Hold, hold, I ſay.

Ori. What I? yet more Terror to my Tragedy?

Arri. Lady, the Scene of Blood is done; ye are now as free from Scandal as from Death.

Enter Duke, Count, and Gondarino.

Duke. Thou Woman, which wert born to teach Men Virtue,
Fair, ſweet, and modeſt Maid, forgive my Thoughts,
My Treſpaſs was my Love.
Seize *Gondarino*, let him wait our Dooms.

Gond. I do begin a little to love this Woman; I could endure her already twelve Miles off.

Count. Siſter, I am glad you have brought your Honour off ſo fairly, without loſs. You have done a work above your Sex, the

Duke.

Duke admires it: give him fair Encounter.

Duke. Beſt of all Comforts, may I take this Hand, and call it mine?

Ori. I am your Grace's Handmaid.

Duke. Would ye had ſaid my ſelf: Might it not be ſo, Lady?

Count. Siſter, ſay ay, I know you can afford it.

Ori. My Lord, I am your Subject, you may command me, provided ſtill your Thoughts be fair and good.

Duke. Here I am yours, and when I ceaſe to be ſo,
Let Heav'n forget me: Thus I make it good.

Ori. My Lord, I am no more mine own.

Count. So, this Bargain was well driven.

Gond. Duke, thou haſt ſold away thy ſelf to all Perdition; thou art this preſent Hour becoming Cuckold: Methinks I ſee thy Gaul grate through thy Veins, and Jealouſie ſeize thee with her Talons. I know that Woman's Noſe muſt be cut off, ſhe cannot 'ſcape it.

Duke. Sir, we have Puniſhment for you.

Ori. I do beſeech your Lordſhip, for the Wrongs this Man hath done me, let me pronounce his Puniſhment.

Duke. Lady, I give't to you, he is your own.

Gon. I do beſeech your Grace, let me be baniſh'd with all the ſpeed that may be.

Count. Stay ſtill, you ſhall attend her Sentence.

Ori. Lord *Gondarino*, you have wrong'd me highly; yet ſince it ſprung from no peculiar hate to me, but from a general diſlike unto all Women, you ſhall thus ſuffer for it; *Arrigo*, call in ſome Ladies to aſſiſt us; will your Grace make your State?

Gond. My Lord, I do beſeech your Grace for any Puniſhment, ſaving this Woman; let me be ſent upon diſcovery of ſome Iſland; I do deſire but a ſmall *Gondola*, with ten *Holland* Cheeſes, and I'll undertake it.

Ori. Sir, ye muſt be content, will ye ſit down? Nay do it willingly: *Arrigo*, tie his Arms cloſe to the Chair, I dare not truſt his Patience.

Gond. Mayſt thou be quickly old and painted; mayſt thou doat upon ſome ſturdy Yeoman of the Wood-yard, and he be honeſt; mayſt thou be barr'd the lawful lechery of thy Coach, for want of Inſtruments; and laſt, be thy Womb unopen'd.

Duke. This Fellow hath a pretty Gaul.

Count. My Lord, I hope to ſee him purg'd e'er he part.

Enter Ladies.

Ori. Your Ladiſhips are welcome:
I muſt deſire your helps, though you are no Phyſicians, to do a ſtrange Cure upon this Gentleman.

Ladies. In what we can aſſiſt you, Madam, ye may command us

Gond. Now do I ſit like a Conjurer within my Circle, and theſe the Devils that are rais'd about me, I will pray that they may have no Power upon me.

Ori. Ladies, fall off in couples, then with a ſoft ſtill march, with low demeanours, charge this Gentleman.
I'll be your Leader.

Gond. Let me be quarter'd, Duke, quickly, I can endure it; theſe Women long for Man's fleſh, let them have it.

Duke. Count, have you ever ſeen ſo ſtrange a Paſſion? what would this Fellow do, if he ſhould find himſelf in Bed with a young Lady?

Count. Faith my Lord, if he could get a Knife, ſure he wou'd cut her Throat, or elſe he wou'd do as *Hercules* did by *Lycas*, ſwing out her Soul: h'as the true hate of a Woman in him.

Ori. Low with your Curtſies, Ladies.

Gond. Come not too near me, I have a Breath will poiſon ye, my Lungs are rotten, and my Stomach is raw: I am given much to belching: hold off, as you love ſweet Airs; Ladies, by your firſt Night's Pleaſure, I conjure you, as you wou'd have your Husbands proper Men, ſtrong Backs, and little Legs, as you would have 'em hate your Waiting-women.

Ori. Sir, we muſt court ye, 'till we have obtain'd ſome little favour from thoſe gracious Eyes, 'tis but a Kiſs a piece.

Gond. I pronounce Perdition to ye all; ye are a parcel of that damned Crew that fell down with *Lucifer*, and here ye ſtaid on Earth to plague poor Men; vaniſh, avaunt, I am fortified againſt your Charms: Heav'n grant me Breath and Patience.

1 *Lady.* Shall we not kiſs then?

Gond. No, ſear my Lips with hot Irons firſt, or ſtitch them up like a Ferret's: oh that this brunt were over!

2 *Lady.* Come, come, little Rogue, thou art too maidenly by my troth, I think I muſt box thee 'till thou be'ſt bolder; the more bold, the more welcome: I prithee kiſs me, be not afraid.

[*She ſits on his Knee.*

Gond. If there be any here that yet have ſo much of the Fool left in them, as to love their Mothers, let them on her, and loath them too.

2 *Lady.* What a ſlovenly little Villain art thou, why doſt thou not ſtroak up thy Hair? I think thou ne'er comb'ſt it; I muſt have it lie in better order; ſo, ſo, ſo, let me ſee thy Hands, are they waſh'd?

Gond. I would they were looſe for thy ſake.

Duke. She tortures him admirably.

Count. The beſt that ever was.

2 *Lady.* Alas, how cold they are, poor Golls, why doſt thee not

not get thee a Muff?

Arri. Madam, here's an old Country Gentlewoman at the Door, that came nodding up for Juſtice, ſhe was with the Lord *Gondarino* to day, and would now again come to the Speech of him, ſhe ſays.

Ori. Let her in, for ſports ſake, let her in.

Gond. Mercy, oh Duke, I do appeal to thee: plant Canons there, and diſcharge them againſt my Breaſt rather: nay, firſt let this ſhe-Fury ſit ſtill where ſhe does, and with her nimble Fingers ſtroke my Hair, play with my Finger's ends, or any thing, until my panting Heart have broke my Breaſt.

Duke. You muſt abide her Cenſure.

[*The Lady riſes from his Knee.*

Enter old Gentlewoman.

Gond. I ſee her come, unbutton me, for ſhe will ſpeak.

Gentlew. Where is he, Sir?

Gond. Save me, I hear her.

Arri. There he is in State to give you Audience.

Gentlew. How does your Lordſhip?

Gond. Sick of the Spleen.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. Sick.

Gentlew. Will you chew a Nutmeg, you ſhall not refuſe it, it is very comfortable.

Gond. Nay, now thou art come, I know it
Is the Devil's Jubilee, Hell is broke looſe:
My Lord, if ever I have done you Service,
Or have deſerv'd a Favour of your Grace,
Let me be turn'd upon ſome preſent Action,
Where I may ſooner die than languiſh thus;
Your Grace hath her Petition, grant it her, and eaſe me now at laſt.

Duke. No, Sir, you muſt endure.

Gentlew. For my Petition, I hope your
Lordſhip hath remembred me.

Ori. 'Faith I begin to pity him; *Arrigo*, take her off, bear her away, ſay her Petition is granted.

Gentlew. Whither do you draw me, Sir? I know it is not my Lord's pleaſure I ſhould be thus uſed, before my buſineſs be diſpatched.

Arri. You ſhall know more of that without.

Ori. Unbind him, Ladies, but before he go, this he ſhall promiſe; for the Love I bear to our own Sex, I would have them ſtill hated by thee, and injoyn thee as a Puniſhment, never hereafter willingly to come in the preſence or ſight of any Woman, nor never to ſeek wrongfully the publick diſgrace of any.

Gon.

Gond. 'Tis that I would have ſworn, and do; when I meditate with them, for their good, or their bad, may Time call back this Day again; and when I come in their Companies, may I catch the Pox by their Breath, and have no other pleaſure for it.

Duke. Ye are moſt merciful.

Ori. My Lord, I ſhew'd my Sex the better.

Count. All is over-blown, Siſter; y'are like to have a fair Night of it, and a Prince in your Arms: let's go, my Lord.

Duke. Thus through the doubtful Streams of Joy and Grief,
True Love doth wade, and finds at laſt Relief.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

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Genuine Edition.

A

DICTIONA

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUA

In which the Words are deduced from their Originals, and their different Significations, by Examples from the beſt which are added, An ENGLISH GRAMMAR, and a of the LANGUAGE.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL

From a Copy with Improvements, Additions, and Corrections, Dr. JOHNSON to Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, one of his Exec

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